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DEATH OF LITTLE EVA'S FEMALE TORMENTOR.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NIGHT EXPEDITION.

The six-oared barge, to the adventures of which we now return, after the rescue of the suicidal Earl of Conybeare, pulled steadily on down the river, scarcely without stopping; for the body of the nobleman was dragged in while the boat was under nearly its full headway.

"Who have we here?" said Lord Neagle, as he laid the almost insensible form upon the thwarts of the boat.

"I don't know; but a passenger I did not bargain with Hinchcliff for," said the skipper, Captain Foy, with an oath and a laugh. "That blue light sent up to show where he was liked to have betrayed us to the police barges; for since these corn riots, a boat like ours, passing down at midnight, would be a subject of remark, especially when the rioters have threatened London."

"There is little fear of being challenged on the river, with so many boats passing at all hours," said Lord Neagle.

"Well—in Spain or on the Seine at Paris, every barge, at night, has to give a pass-word," said the one-armed captain, steering past the bow of an anchored ship.

"We are freer here in England," answered the nobleman. "Our only fear is at the Tower stairs. Hinchcliff, you have a dark lantern. Let us look at this drowned man's face, who seems to be rousing himself, for we talk too freely before a stranger, till we know what colors he hangs out."

"Yes—if he is likely to hear and 'peach, we'll have to put him back again into Davy's locker—give him to the fishes for food."

Hinchcliff carefully opened a little ways the side of the lantern, so as not to attract observation to the boat from the river police, and held it close to the face of the Earl, who had raised himself on his elbow, and was looking wildly about him.

"Where am I?" he cried, in a choking tone, and glaring upon the supernatural-looking faces that gazed upon him, lighted with a crimson glare shed by the rays of the lantern, which, like all the Tower lanterns, had been provided with red glass set in the front of it. "Is this the abode of the damned? Is this the Styx? and art thou, blood-red visaged monster, Charon? Then the mythology of the ancients is all true at last!"

"What is that he says?" asked the one-armed skipper.

"He thinks he is in Pluto's hell—that he is dead and in the infernal regions," answered Lord Neagle, whose classical reminiscenses came to his aid.

"And that we are devils, I dare say," said Hinchcliff, laughing.

"Without doubt. But I know the voice. Hold closer your lamp. It is——"

"Who?" cried several voices.

But Lord Neagle had checked himself upon recognizing the pale, haggard face as that of Lord Conybeare, Lady Isabel's father, and thought it best not to speak his name. To mention it would do no good—to conceal it might be of use to him in any of his future schemes; not that he had any definite idea why he ought to conceal it. But there are some men who save everything they come across, from a pin or an old nail, to a shred of new cloth, not knowing, as they say, what use they may possibly make of it; so Lord Neagle, to whom life was like a game of cards in the hands of a skillful player, was an economist of circumstances. In every event he believed might be concealed some advantages for future use. He, therefore, did not fully exhaust the present, but kept some of it for another day, when, possibly, it might be of use. So in the present case, he thought to himself, If I let these men know the rank and name of Lord Conybeare, nothing is left to be known. It will be time enough, when it is needful, to divulge it. The secret is now mine, and I love to keep secrets, when I am their sole possessor. He therefore replied, changing his phrase—

"It is a man who has evidently got tired of life, and tried to drown himself."

"That is clear enough," answered the skipper, roughly, "unless he fell off."

"Possibly he might have done so. But I saw him leap clear out into the dark sky, and come down feet foremost, and strike the water erect," said George, the young sailor.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the captain, gruffly. "He's one too many."

"I will speak to him, as he seems to have his wits again," said Lord Neagle.

And stooping down to the ear of the earl, who had seemed by this time to realize his rescue, and sat moodily, with his head drooping upon his breast, he whispered—

"My lord!"

"What? Who are you who have spared my wretched existence? Do you know me?"

"Yes, as Earl Conybeare."

"And you? Who are you?"

And the earl raised his face, and gazed earnestly, to inspect the features of the young noble, but he kept them concealed by the flap of his cloak.

"Your friend, my lord. I rejoice it was my good fortune to rescue you from the water. It was a perilous fall."

"Fall? Yes—yes," said the earl, as if re-considering, "it was a perilous fall. Thanks to you, sir. I am grateful to you—I did wrong—It was a moment of madness! Poor—poor Isabel!"

"My lord, I will keep your secret."

"What secret?"

"Your attempt to destroy your life," answered Lord Neagle, concluding to speak out boldly.

"Thank you—thank you, young man, whoever you are! You are right. I did try to end my days—but—I repent of the attempt. It would have killed my beloved child! Now, she will be happily spared this great grief. Yet—how——"

Here he covered his face with his hands, as the idea of meeting Isabel, a ruined man in fortune, flashed upon him.

"You can recover as you lost, my lord!"

"How know you? Lost—how?"

"Plainly, my lord, you have lost all to-night in play. Sir Paul Varney has been more fortunate than your lordship."

"The earl grasped the speaker hardly by the arm: "Who, in the name of Heaven, are you?"

The slouched hat of the French sailor—the large whiskers, which he had replaced on getting into the boat, and the rough jacket, completely defeated the earl's scrutiny. All the answer he received was, in a tone of caution—

"Be quiet, my lord. None know your rank here but me. If you would be safe, be silent, and in a proper time I will find opportunity to speak further with you."

"We are nearing the Tower," said the skipper. "What shall we do with this man?"

"He will join us," answered Lord Neagle, leaning over, and speaking to Foy in an under tone.

"Who is he?"

"My friend."

"We are safe, then, with him?"

"Yes."

"But he will want his share?"

"He shall divide with me."

"As you choose, my lord. But I think we have enough men."

"This one, for certain reasons, I wish to go with us."

"'Peach?"

"No."

"Your lordship's neck is as precious to you as mine is to me."

Thus speaking, the skipper gave orders to George, his coxswain, to steer between two large ships at anchor, their dark hulls looming up gloomily in the night, like shapeless clouds. The fog had lifted, and here and there a star shone out and was reflected from the black surface of the Thames. On shore, the first noises that indicate the early movements of market-folk were heard, and sullenly over the water came the tolling of the bell of St. Catharine's tower.

"It is three o'clock. It will, in an hour, be dawn," said Lord Neagle.

"We shall have little time," said Hinchcliff.

"Give way, my men!" called out Captain Foy. "There rise the dark tower walls. Oh, for a friendly fall of the fog upon the river, to conceal us, now we know where we are!"

"You will have your wish, Foy," said Hinchcliff. "There comes a heavy bank, driving in from the river below."

"And a fresh wind before it, too. Pull away, my men. Steady, as you are, George."

The boat now moved swiftly, under the force of the impelling oars, in the direction of the Tower stairs. By the time it came within three hundred yards, the deep mists which had been rolling up the river, and obscuring rapidly star after star, enveloped them in the profoundest obscurity.

"Nothing could be more lucky for us," said Hinchcliff. "Now, we had best lay on our oars to decide how to act. We must be cautious and silent. But, my lord, who is this man?" and he laid his hand on the shoulder of the earl, who sat shivering in his wet clothes, his face buried in his collar, and his arms folded on his breast. Our lives depend on knowing our men!"

"I will be surety for his silence," said Lord Neagle.

"That is not enough. Already he guesses we are bound on some venture," quickly said Captain Foy, who had been for some time talking aside in an under tone; "he must, ere he knows more, be tied and fastened down in the boat. Though he is your friend, my lord, I will not trust him. You must excuse me; but we have halters around our necks, and talk like serious men."

"It matters not what becomes of me?" said the earl. "I see you speak of me. I am in your way. Do not bind me, but cast me overboard again whence ye took me. Life or death—it is equal!"

"The man speaks like one desperate," said Hinchcliff.

"The very man to join us," remarked Lord Neagle, promptly. "My friends, let me say a few words to him unheard! I warrant me you will be satisfied with his reply."

"Do as you please, my lord. We only wish to secure ourselves. This is no child's play to-night. But out of respect to you, we will keep him if he is up to the card, and won't 'peach."

"My lord," said the young nobleman, in an under tone, "I know your affairs must be desperate to drive you to self-destruction. Providence has led me to rescue you. I know you have got motives to live for. Your beautiful daughter——"

"Who are ye? I fancied, or was it real, that these people addressed you as 'my lord.'"

"Real. I am a young nobleman, also, of desperate fortunes. My name it is not necessary for you to know. Suffice it to say that I heard a rumor, yesterday, of your proposed play for an incredulous amount with Sir Paul Varney. At midnight I see you cast yourself from London Bridge. What is the inference? That you have staked your all upon a throw, and lost!—in a word, that you are bankrupt, and your lovely and proud child penniless!"

A deep groan responded to this artful conclusion of his address.

"Now, my lord, my fortunes are as low down as your own. When we noblemen are moneyless, we might as well (as you tried practically to illustrate to-night) be lifeless. Now, having no stomach for Thames water, and wishing to live to repent, some day, my evil deeds, I have consociated myself with these honest fellows here to relieve the Queen (bless her majesty) from a great deal of expense and anxiety, by removing from the Tower the jewels which are there deposited, and which it costs so much to take care of. It is an act, as you see, my Lord Inglis, of pure charity and gallantry."

"How do I understand?"

"Simply that this is a night expedition to steal the jewels from the Tower. That is the simple explanation."

"Rob the Tower?"

"Rob the Tower. Will you join us, and share in the booty?"

"Am I a robber?"

"Not yet. But it is better to rob than to kill!"

"I have not killed!"

"Kill yourself, I mean. Let us not mince matters. A man who will commit suicide because he has lost money, will rob to get money. This is my moral code, and it works well both ways. If your lordship will join me, you shall share the spoils. The wealth is enormous. I have certain evidence that in one place, accessible by means we command, we can lay our hands upon seven millions sterling! Why, there is not a king in Europe that could resist the temptation, if he was sure he could not be found out, and how can we poor devil lords, who have not a red guinea to keep Beelzebub at bay, let slip the occasion? Robbing the Tower—taking from the Queen—is not a private robbery, my lord. It is the difference between a murder and a battle. Kill a thousand men in a war is glory; kill one in peace is murder. To lighten a purse on the highway is robbery; to abstract the crown jewels from the Tower is a splendid achievement. Besides, there is no danger!"

"No danger?"

"Everything is so well organized that success is sure."

"How can you enter the Tower?"

This question was enough. Lord Neagle now felt that the earl was his. This inquiry betraying, as it did, an awakening interest, was enough for the shrewd tempter.

"We have duplicate keys. But my friends are becoming impatient at our long conference. Will you join us, if you shall receive half of my portion?"

"No danger of failure?"

"None."

"Tempter, in the name of the foul serpent, who art thou?"

"It matters not. It needs not my name to add value to the Queen's gold, once in your hand. Go with us, and to-morrow, instead of lying a loathsome corpse at the bottom of the river, or making your daughter a beggar, and witnessing her despair and shame, you can return to her alive and well, your honor safe, your fortune repaired, and happiness and joy will embrace you beneath your roof, instead of sorrow and woe!"

"Enough! I am in your hands!"

Lord Neagle immediately turned to Hinchcliff and the one-armed captain.

"Give him the oath, then, my Lord!" said the former.

An oath too fearful in its awful words of adjuration to be here repeated, was then administered to the passive nobleman, and each man grasping his hand, he became one of their number. As this ceremony closed, he covered his eyes with his hands and groaned as if conscience was not wholly sacrificed; as if he had yielded with something of the same sort of despair which had driven him to seek refuge in suicide.

Adam, lord of the universe, fell in one moment, by one act, from his princely dominion to the degrading servitude of vice; and by one act, and in one moment, some of his noblest descendants have descended from the hight of virtue to the abyss of guilt. This parallel is not, however, wholly true of Lord Inglis, for his conscience had been marred by the vice of gaming;—the column, ere it fell, had been flawed and weakened. The adhesion of this nobleman to the Tower party was but an irresistible sequence in the moral scale of his career. One leak will sink a stately ship, and one vice a man.

The boat had been kept in position opposite the Tower stairs by an occasional noiseless reverse dip of the oars in the water, while a private consultation was held by the parties. The six oarsmen, evidently, were not in the confidence of the three conspirators, as the consultation was carried on in a voice too low for them who were forward to hear. The Earl of Conybeare was, however, a listener, and an interested one. All the while he was puzzling his memory to recall where he had heard Lord Neagle's voice; and he internally resolved he would embrace the earliest moment to discover who he was. The idea of being concerned in a robbery was now rapidly fading before the bright hope of being able to repair his losses and spare Lady Isabel the pain and shame of being told she was destitute of fortune. If this poor earl can be excused for his deeper fall, the apology is to be found in his devoted love for a daughter, rather than see whom in want he had consented to lend himself to robbery. But guilt can have *no* palliation. Death is preferable—honorable death, to crime committed to save from death and shame.

All the preliminaries being arranged, the boat was rowed slowly towards the Tower stairs as the clock in the square keep tolled three and the first quarter. The time and aspect of the night was favorable. The fog concealed the Tower itself, but the tolling of the bell guided the ear.

The barge, when within a few feet of the stairs, was stopped in its cautious movements, and Hinchcliff and Lord Neagle rose and fixed their weapons in their belts.

It had been decided that they two should be the first to step upon the stone pier, at the side of the stairs, Hinchcliff leading the way; that after they had been gone a few minutes, the boat should fall down below, into a sort of recess, out of the way, so that, if the fog should lift, it could not be discovered by the guard on the pier. The only part which Lord Inglis was to take was to take the helm, and keep the boat in its position, while Foy and the young man, George, his nephew, got upon the quay to await the return of the party, and receive and help them take on board the booty.

Without doubt the whole plot was skillfully conceived, and, with the extraordinary aid of Hinchcliff and his duplicate keys, combined with his perfect knowledge of every part of the Tower, only want of courage, or some great mishap, could prevent its success; for the keepers of this Bastille of the Thames, trusting more to locks and bars than to eyes, kept but poor guard over the Queen's treasures in the way of sentry posting; and to this absence of sentinels, and the sense of perfect security of the inmates, Hinchcliff and Lord Neagle, the two master-spirits of the enterprise, depended for their success.

To insure greater facility in this adventure, Lord Neagle had visited the Tower as an American gentleman, two days before, and, among other curiosities, had been shown the jewels. With a careful scrutiny he marked their position and number, and decided on the best mode of securing them.

With these advantages and unusual facilities these two men, thus strangely drawn together by a common consent to crime, from the two extremities of the social scale of England—the one a high-born noble, the other once a cattle-driver, when a boy, in Herts, stole noiselessly along the cap-stone of the parapet of the stair-head. Hinchcliff carried at his belt a red dark lantern, precisely like those which were used within the Tower. It was, however, now closed, and concealed beneath his coat. His dress—for he cast off his pea-jacket into the boat—was the same as that of the servitors of the Tower. Moreover, he had a wig and beard, and a pair of blue spectacles, which he had put on, that so made him resemble an old, red, shock-headed porter of the inner lodge, that he felt confident he could not be suspected, if seen by any one, of being other than the porter himself.

"Now, my Lord, keep close to me," said Hinchcliffe, as he let himself down by climbing from the parapet to the pavement, near the top of the Tower stairs; for these, on the water-side, being closed by a strong gate, they had been under the necessity of scaling the outer wall of the gate, and descending within it to the main landing, where an arched gateway stood before them.

"Is this the main entrance, Hinchcliff?" whispered Lord Neagle. "It does not seem the same by which I came before."

"It is the south water port, my Lord. This gate is the one which I have the key to. Besides, as it is opened oftenest, it does not creak upon the hinges like the other. But hist!—follow me, but do not be heard!"

The ex-turnkey then applied a key from the bunch at his belt to the ward of the gate, and turned it. It opened heavily at their pressure against it, and both entered a paved arch-way. Closing the gate, they advanced noiselessly to another door, or gate, in the Tower, and this, after a little effort, yielded to their perseverance.

"That gate creaks louder than I wish," said Hinchcliff. "Let us conceal ourselves a moment till we ascertain whether it was heard."

It was heard! A sentinel, with a red light in his hand, came out of a side door, and looked about him. The two men were concealed in the shelter of a deep recess, and after muttering a few words about "hearing some noise," he re-entered his sentry-box and closed the door, for the night was chilly.

Hinchcliff now touched his companion, and the two proceeded until they came to a flight of stone stairs, which led to a vestibule. These they ascended, with great caution—for a sentry was usually stationed at the top. But he was not seen by them, and passing along a corridor, the turnkey paused before a door which was half buried beneath an arch.

"This leads into the armory. It is the private way, by which the keepers go in and out, and is better than the main entrance for our purpose. Once in this, and we are within two doors of our prize!" These words were spoken to Lord Neagle by Hinchcliff as he was turning the false key in the lock. The door yielded, and they found themselves in a vast and ancient hall, which was used as the armory of the Tower. Here Hinchcliff opened his lantern, having felt his way by his hands along the wall thus far, and by means of his instinctive knowledge of the passages.

The red glare of the light showed them the dark, iron forms of mounted knights and equestrian kings, all clad in armor, ranged solemnly around; while from column to column hung warlike banners, faded with age; and armor of all reigns from that of Edward the First hung upon the walls.

At the extremity of this hall they entered a small apartment hung with armorial bearings, and passed, by means of a key, to a room beyond. It was the ante-chamber to the crown room, where the jewels, which had excited the cupidity of Hinchcliff and the hopes of Lord Neagle, were kept. The only door which separated the robbers from this treasure was about to be opened, when a sentry, who had been placed on guard there, stood before them.

'Oh, it is you, old Markham," he said, turning the red lamp held by Hinchcliff round, full upon the turnkey's face.

"Yes; I thought I heard strange noises, and came to look about," answered Hinchcliff, imitating the nasal tones of the old man whose disguise he had assumed.

"Go to bed, dotard! You are always dreaming, and are now ten to one walking in your sleep! What do you fear?"

"Robbers!"

"Robbers! If they got into the Tower they could not get out; and not even Jack Shephard could get in through seven iron doors, much less get out. To bed!"

"I'll just walk round," answered Hinchcliff.

"And who is this?"

"One o' the porters I took with me for fear o' the robbers!" He then added to Lord Neagle, in a whisper: "This soldier is a resolute fellow, and a meddlesome. We can't get rid of him. I did not look for a sentry here! He is in our way, and all is by the board!"

Without a word, Lord Neagle, with that courage and decision his face gave promise of, caught the sentry by the throat so suddenly that he prevented his crying out, and forced him backward until he fell to the stone floor. In an instant the amazed but pleased Hinchcliff had the soldier's sword at his breast, and together they quickly bound and gagged him, leaving him with his face to the wall. The next moment the key was in the door of the secret chamber of the Tower, and the two bold men stood in the presence of their coveted treasures! But suddenly Hinchcliff uttered an exclamation of disappointment:

"The crown is removed!"

"I might have anticipated this," said Lord Neagle; "for to-morrow the Queen is to receive in state the King of Prussia. The crown has been taken away for this *fête*. But here is wealth enough for us in these royal jewels, and in this jeweled tiara, and these caskets filled with crown jewels, once worn by our kings."

"These will enrich us beyond our hopes," answered Hinchcliff; "but for the name of the thing I wished we had the crown itself."

"It is better as it is. Here are an abundance, and easily taken away."

Without further delay they removed four caskets of jewels, which were within a grated enclosure, to which also the artful and sagacious turnkey had the key, and placed them in a leathern sack, which they brought with them for this purpose from the barge. Thus laden, Lord Neagle followed Hinchcliff from the inner room, and so through all the apartments, reaching, ultimately, the outside of the Tower gates, and their boat, but not without finding themselves in some perilous situations on their retreat.

"What luck?" asked the skipper, as they entered the barge.

"Good," answered Hinchcliff, as he placed the sack in the chest and locked it.

"Give way, men!" was the exultant order.

The barge shot out into the river, and, descending the stream, reached, just as the first blush of dawn was visible in the East, a sharp-bowed, rakish brigantine, at anchor three miles below the Tower. The chest was hoisted on board, and the command given by Captain Foy to weigh anchor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASKED LOVER.

The scenes of our story are now transferred to the rural village of Conybeare-Ford, a few miles from London down the Thames. It is an ancient and shady place, its chief street over-arched for its whole length with the projecting arms of venerable oaks, which looked aged enough to have sheltered the Norman conqueror, who, says the village tradition, once rested himself for half a summer's day in their cool shade.

The village, or hamlet, was composed of two or three scores of time-worn dwellings, in some of which lived the seventh generation of the original builders. Everything, indeed, stood as it had stood for a hundred years. The villagers used the same paths, the same well-bucket, the same gates and bars, almost the same hats and coats which their long dead ancestors made use of. Everything here was in one stay. The very cows seemed to be a hundred years old, and the cats that sat in the windows had evidently sat there in the time of Queen Bess.

This pleasant, moss-grown, quiet hamlet was indebted for its last appellation "Ford" to the traditionary fact that, in a time past, "beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the Thames had there, at that point, been fordible; that at that place Harold the Dane had crossed with his red-beard warriors and surprised London town; and a story still existed which has been preserved in an old ballad which the musical topers when they get a goodlie companie about them in the "Conybeare Arms," the village inn, love mightily to sing aloud.

The jest of the ballad it may not be amiss to entertain our readers with, by way of varying the onward tenor of our tale. The ballad saith as follows:

"The first Lord of Conybeare, who was created an earl of the Eastern marches of England by Harry the VIIIth, had a fair daughter Genevra. She was the fairest maid in all the country round, and many a young knight dedicated his first won spurs to the glory of her beauty. Suitors sought her hand, but none she loved but a fair youth, who every night swam the river to serenade her beneath her lattice. She had never seen his face, for he came only by night; but his voice was so soft and sweet, and yet so manly and trumpet-like, as in the varied keys of the song, it rose and fell, now plaintive and tender, now warlike and bold, that he fairly sung her heart out of her. As a bird is captivated by the eye of a basilisk, and presently falls with his power, so was the lovely Genevra captivated by the mysterious lover who, by song, sought to win her love.

"When it was told the proud earl, by a tell-tale waiting woman, that his fair child had a nightly visitor, (save on moonlit nights he came not,) who sang to her of love and glory, and that his child was dying in love for him, and waxed pale, and grew thin, and sighed much, and gave herself up to melancholy, he set watch to discover who he was; but all in vain; for no sooner was the singer approached than his lute ceased to be heard, his voice died into silence, and in the darkness he creeped by the river unseen. But one stormy night he was discovered to his pursuers, by a flash of lightning, swimming in mid-river, and half a dozen long shafts from as many archers' bows went whizzing across the dark flowing water.

"Lord Gilbert he
To his archers said,
'A golden mark and an acre broad
To him who first shall cross the ford,
And bring me strait the traitor's head!'

"But the storm had swelled the waters, and nine out of ten of the archers were swept away and drowned; the tenth reached the other side, and the swimmer, who heard the order of the earl, did presently take the head off the archer's shoulders with his own good sword, which he had held, while swimming, in his teeth; and calling out across the ford, he said,—

"'A golden mark and an acre broad
I crave from thee, my courteous lord,
For here's a head, though 'tis not mine,
But late belonged to a rogue o' thine.
Farewell, my Lord of Conybeare,
And give my grace to thy daughter fair!'

"This bold and fearful lover then disappeared, and as Genevra had heard all that passed, and how bravely he had spoken, and had so gallantly, withal, sent her his love, she could not but feel more love for him than before, and wish to know who he was that had won her heart, his face unknown. The next night the earl had his men-at-arms stationed all along the shore, and every avenue was guarded, while at the ford seven horsemen sat in their iron-peaked saddles, watching for the lover; for the Earl of Conybeare had promised his daughter to the son of his brother, Sir Godfrey Inglis, who was then away in the Spanish realm fighting like a brave young knight; but Genevra, who had never seen her cousin since he was a boy, like a true and wilful maiden, made up her mind that she was mistress of her own heart, and would never give it but where she pleased; and it did not please her, she said to her maid, to be sold like a Georgian beauty, by her father, to his nephew, Lord Egbert, merely because such a loveless marriage would keep the lands and title in the family. Genevra thought more of her heart than of her greatness; and declared to her father she would never marry knight or prince who would not seek her hand, and pay suit to her like a true and gallant and devoted lover! While this vain young Lord Egbert, content with the will and consent of his uncle, and leaving the matter indifferently in his hands, as if Genevra were a puppet, stayed abroad in foreign lands, doubtless wooing the fair senoras with the devotion which he should of right pay to the fairer Genevra.

"'But, sure of me, he troubles himself little with winning me,' said Genevra, one evening, bitterly, as she sat by her lattice, looking out upon the star-lit river. It was at this moment she heard the first notes of that sweet and ravishing serenade from the shades of the garden, which continued night after night, at length won her heart, and kindled in her an ardent desire to know her secret lover.

"In the meanwhile the earl had sent word to his nephew that, if he wished to wed his daughter, he must come and woo her; for such was her whim.

"When, therefore, he found this mysterious lover had fairly won his child, his rage knew no bounds; and he sent off express to Spain to Lord Egbert, that he must hasten or he would lose his bride.

"With all the watching on the shore, the music of the serenade rose clear and sweetly from the banks opposite the castle, and in the still starry night the burning songs of Spanish lovers, done into English, reached the listening and glad ears of Genevra. Guards and archers' bows, nor swords, nor lances can shut out music, free as the air of heaven. At hearing this, the Lord of Conybeare's wrath arose, and he once more ordered his bowmen to cross the ford, now fordable, and seize the daring serenader. But when they reached the other side, lo! the clear, bold voice rose from amid the foliage beneath the castle windows; and, as Genevra witnessed with delight, he scaled the buttress, and, at a bound, stood in her presence. The light fell upon his manly and knightly form and costume; but his vizor was down, and she could not behold his face.

"'Lady, the flowers you have cast to me—the ring which I threw up to you, and which I now see upon your hand, assure me I am not disdained. Will you fly with me? I love you with all my heart, and, though you know me not, I am too noble to deceive you. Consent to be mine!'

"Why should we linger to detail what followed. In ten minutes the maiden and her unknown lover were flying along the river road, he mounted upon a noble horse, and she by his side, riding a beautiful palfry. They flew like the wind along the Thames until the dark Towers of Westminster came in view. They soon alighted at a side door of the abbey, entered it, and before the altar, by lamplight, were united, by a priest in waiting for them, in the bonds of holy matrimony.

"'Now, fair bride Genevra,' said the vizored knight, 'let us return to your father's castle, and receive his congratulations.'

"'He will slay thee, Sir Knight, my husband.'

"'Nay, he will bless our union.'

"They returned as they came, and by-and-by reached the castle-gate. Before it, surrounded by servants with torches, stood the Lord of Conybeare. The rest of his people were away in pursuit of the fugitives. He was awaiting some news, and as they approached he called out,—

"'What speed? Ought of my child?'

"'Here, noble lord, is your daughter,' answered the lover. 'I have brought her home to you in safety.'

"'Who art thou, that I may thank the?'

"'Thy daughter's wedded husband! I am the serenader who to-night escaped with her. We were married at Westminster two hours agone, my lord. Here is the proof on this paper given us by the priest.'

"The old lord was about to break out into great rage, and drew his sword as if he would slay his daughter on the spot, when the husband said,—

"'Hold, my lord! She has married to please you!'

"'Who art thou?'

"'Egbert Inglis, thy nephew! Hearing the fair Genevra would be wooed and won, I came home secretly from Spain, and, as you see, have wooed and won her. Lovest thou me less, now that thou knowest me to be thy cousin, sweet Genevra?'

"As he spoke he removed his helmet. The light of the torches revealed the face of the handsomest man Genevra or other maiden ever beheld in a dream.

"'Take her, Egbert; thou hast well won her,' said her father; and, giving orders for his seneschal to sound the great horn recalling his retainers, this lord of the feudal days, with his son-in-law and daughter, re-entered his castle amid the rejoicings of all to whose ears the good tidings had spread; and, concludes the ballad,—

"The fair maid's heart was right merrie
To find Sir Egbert her cousin to be;
And the Earl he said to the bridegroom bright,
'Take my acres broad and my gold this night.
A mark and an acre for thy head I did vow,
And a mark and an acre is thine, I trow;
But I love the so well my all thine shalt be,
For bringing thy head thyself unto me.'"

Thus endeth the "ballad of Conybeare-Ford;" and all we have to add is, that Isabel, our heroine, is the descendant in line of this youthful and noble pair in the tenth generation. The present Earl Conybeare, her father, still has for his hereditary seat the ancient castle, in which Lady Isabel was born, but so modernized as to resemble more a palace than an ancient baronial seat. The rough stone towers are removed, and replaced by a stately marble facade; the moat is filled up, and winds about the handsome mansion as a circular gravel avenue lined with venerable trees; and what was once the tilting ground, is now a peaceful, grassy lawn which separates the aristocratic and lordly house from the shady and quiet village to which it gives its appellation of Conybeare; the origin of the term "ford" being already given.

Stately as this mansion was, it was in the hands of creditors, and the embarrassments of the earl confined him wholly to his house in town, which was also mortgaged to secure heavy debts due by him for loans which a long course of extravagant living and reckless expenditure had rendered it imperative for him to obtain; for, without doubt, rich as they seem to be, the nobles of England are always more or less embarrassed from the magnificence of their style of living, which in most cases exceeds vastly their princely incomes.

Opposite the castle at the village of Conybeare-Ford, about a quarter of a mile from the gate, stood the village inn, separated from the manor grounds by a wide open common or green; a pleasant spot shaded by trees, with cows and sheep feeding upon its rich, short sward, and children sporting beneath its foliage, and an old soldier or ancient citizen seated on benches, smoking, or sociably, as old men love to do, talking over the experiences of the past.

It was a quiet rural scene. At the farther side, toward the village, stood a stone pump, the iron handle of which had served five generations. On the head of this dark brown relic of the days of Elizabeth, is engraven this sentence, in ancient style:

"Ladie Jeane Graye dyd quenche
hir thyrst att this
ppumpe."

It was now, as then, the resort of all the young maid-servants, as well as old cronies, of the village, to get water and gossip, and, in remembrance of the honor done the pump, and to show their traditionary sympathy for this fair and unhappy princess, no young girl ever drinks from that same iron cup, which still hangs there by a chain, without saying,—

"God bless Lady Jane!"

A sweet tribute to the memory of the loveliest and gentlest of their sex.

Not many rods from the pump, near enough for chance wayfarers, who stopped thereat, to cross the street to drink its cool water, stood the "Conybeare Arms." This was the village inn from time immemorial. So permanent in England are all things that, without doubt, there are some inns in the land the posts of which, to where the modern traveler fastens his horse, stand in the same hole in which stood the "tying-posts," whereat the couriers of King Edward the VIth's day tied theirs; and even the esquires of the barons before William the Norman's day. Without doubt, there are inns near London that have been inns, or are successors to inns on the same spot that were such when St. Paul came into Briton about the year 67, A. D.

We do not claim for the Conybeare Arms such antiquity as the latter; but it was an inn in the time of Harry the Eighth; and later, Old Pepys in his Diary says:—

"Made a journie to Connebeayre Ford, to get Lordshippe his signature to the Marche's assessation. His L-d-p from home. Put up att ye 'Arms.' For supper broiled deer and a fine wheaten loafe, with marvellous good ale: cost with lodginge 1s. 3d. Saw in my bed-chaymber a good portraiture of King John. The landlord sayd it was presented by that weak King because of his goode attention there; had being ill of bodie there seven daies, and well attended by mine host, his wife and fayre daughter. And," adds Pepys, "it would seem fayre daughters do descend with the Inn, for truly it is a sweet and goodlie maid to behold; that comely younge girle who dyd serve me at table with such a heart-full smile."

This peculiarity of "fayre innkeeper's daughters" was not wanting in later days; and at the time of our tale the daughter of mine host of the Arms doubtless might have vied in beauty and goodness with either of those named by Mister Pepys.

The inn, as we have said, was opposite to the village pump, and so near that one could see all who came to the latter from the inn.

The eve of the night on which our story opens, Lord Inglis, Earl of Conybeare, going on his way to the gaming salon, where we have seen him stripped of his fortune, driven to seek a suicide's end, and rescued only to become a passive party to the plunder of the Tower. The evening preceding this eventful night a fair girl stood by the pump, patiently awaiting her turn. The glowing sunset-light gleamed richly upon her shining brown hair, and increased the soft glory of her hazel eyes. She was beautiful and youthful, not being over eighteen years of age. Her face was intelligent and sweet in its expression, while a charming modesty pervaded her whole manner. Her rosy cheeks, the ripe red lips of her beautifully formed mouth, the exquisite roundness of her chin and throat, a princess might have envied. She had just tripped across from the inn with a silver pitcher, very antique in its form, to fill it with water; for she was the daughter of the innkeeper, and cousin to the pretty and pert Bettie Page, whom our readers have already met. If Will Wild, the fat, good-looking landlord of the hostel, boasted of anything, it was of Rose his daughter, and his nut-brown ale: and no man gainsayed; for in truth he brewed the best ale in all England; and his daughter, whom her admirers called "Wild Rose," was the fairest innkeeper's-daughter in the Queen's realm.

The beautiful maiden we have said was waiting, like Rachel of old, for water. Several old women of the village were waiting also, gossiping about the riots that day in the city, and until they were supplied she kept aloof; for she respected age, and not one of these but would have let her help herself first; but she refused, saying pleasantly:

"I can wait, good wife, as I have but a step to run, while you have far and walk slowly."

And so they blessed her in their hearts, and wished "she might get a good lad for a husband;" and although they themselves no longer retained youth nor beauty, they loved to gaze at her, and with envy admire her freshness and blooming health; for it reminded them of their own youthful days, when health and perhaps beauty graced their cheeks, and lent lustre to their eyes.

One after one the women with their buckets and pitchers left the pump, and went slowly to their own humble homes along the village street. Two yet remained at the place, and were gossiping still about the news that had reached the village of a mob in the city, instead of filling their pitchers, when a young man, attired not as a villager, but with nautical smartness, came up, and seeing Rose, smiled and said pleasantly, yet blushingly, as youths do when they address a pretty girl:

"Good even, Rose."

"Good even, Robert Murray." She did not blush in return, but spoke kindly, yet with perfect indifference.

"Shall I fill your pitcher for you?"

"No, I am not in a hurry."

"Come, good wife Margy, Rose is waiting!" he said to the old 'cummers.' "Fill quickly and give her place."

"Marry come up! and who art thou, lad, that talks so stout to us. What black eye is yours! Hast been at blows in the riots? Be civil to the aged! Thou hopest to get a smile from that pretty face by ordering us away, but its more like to be a frown; for she'd ne'er do it! You aim your shaft too high if your father's son hopes to wed Rose Wild!"

The young man looked angry, and turning to the maiden said despondingly:

"Don't heed them, Rose."

She made no reply, but tripping past him she placed her pitcher to the spout, and said kindly—"Pump for me, Aunt Margy, please."

"I will!" and the youth sprung forward.

"De'il a thimble-full," answered the old woman stoutly, and grasping the pump-handle with both hands.

Robert was about to force her away in his fiery gallantry to be of service to Rose; but the latter said quickly:

"Robert Murray!"

He stepped back with a lowering brow, which changed to a dark and scowling aspect the cheerfulness of look with which he had at first said "good even" to her. It was surprising how soon and on what slight account so great a change took place. Naturally his countenance was handsome and manly. He was tall, well formed nnd carried himself with an air of courage and self-reliance. But the light gray eye, slightly tinged with green, his sharp, thin nostrils, his flexible and moving under lip, with which his white teeth were merrily playing, were features that marked a character dangerous and treacherous. He was the only son of the bailiff of the village, and was therefore by birth the equal of Rose; and regarded himself superior to the rest of the villagers, and the only one who could have the least title or claim to presume to the hand of Rose, a presumption which he had long maintained, without any encouragement whatever. Rose neither liked nor disliked him; or, rather, she did not care anything about him; while in his own bosom daily grew for her, as her beauty and attractions increased, an absorbing passion. The frank, friendly indifference with which she treated him, the vexatious ignorance which she manifested of the nature of his emotions towards her, only protected her from his open declaration of love. He was restrained also from fear that she would merrily laugh at him in his face, or stare at him with grave wonder. It was the problem of his secret thoughts whether she, perchance, would say "yes" or "no;" and his vanity and love hoped the former, while he feared the latter. Such was the state of affairs with him at the time he comes up on the evening in question, being dressed with more care than usual, as was his wont when he intended to, or hoped to, meet Rose. His age was three-and-twenty, he had been two years at sea, and was now, and had been for ten months past, simply an idler; a village beau wasting his days in doing nothing.

"You are mighty offish, Rose Wild!" he said, as she prepared to return to the inn with the pitcher balanced upon the palm of her right hand—a mode of carrying it which threw her figure into an attitude of grace and symmetrical beauty that set off the fine tournure of her form in the most bewitching way. The sight of such loveliness increased the flame of love in the young man's bosom, and with looks made up of anger and a passionate adoration, he watched her step gracefully away, not noticing him. He followed her and came close to her, and said:

"Rose, I am not a man to be trifled with. If you treat me in this way you shall have as good as you give!"

She made no reply, but her pretty lip curled with disdain. She felt that she was "giving nothing" in his praise; that she had nothing to give. In a word, she did not care anything about him.

"All I wish is you would give me room to pass! You are in the way. I shall spill the water."

"You hate me!"

"Do not tease me, Robert Murray, or I shall be angry;" and her eyes looked brighter and her cheek redder.

"You love some one else!" and he walked on persistingly by her.

"You have no right to speak to me and annoy me in this way, Robert Murray," and she stopped full in the street about twenty yards from the inn.

"I have a right. I love you and I have a right to speak to you."

"Robert Murray, this is no time nor place to——"

"Then promise to meet me at nine to-night, under the King's oak."

"I never will," she answered firmly.

"You will not!"

"No. Go."

The anger of the young man flashed fiercely in his eyes and reddened his forehead. His hands clenched, and in the impulse of his rage he was about to strike her, when she shrieked, and the pitcher falling from her hand she turned to fly, when she saw a person wearing the badge of a special constable advance from the inn, and lay his hand upon the young sailor's arm, and say with indignancy, and in a slightly foreign accent:

"Knave! coward! coquin! would you lay your hand upon this fair girl!" and he turned him round and round again with a skill and strength the young fellow was unable to resist; he then with a blow in the face sent him reeling till he pitched forward upon the grass, while a pistol flew from his belt. Murray's hat also fell off, and out rolled a red and white ribbon cut like a cockade, the badge of the "Peel rioters," who that day had been resisting the Queen's troops. Instantly the constable ran to the young man who had risen, with oaths, to his feet, and grappling him again firmly, said:

"A rioter! This explains your bruised face! I arrest you for both offences—the worst that of insulting a young girl! I do recognize thee now, fellow, as a leader of the rioters."

He then called to a stout, John Bull-looking man, and bade him lead his prisoner away. Murray made a desperate resistance, but was secured and conducted to prison. The constable, who was a dark-cheeked, quiet-looking man, with pale blue eyes, heavily-lidded, and a countenance cold and something stern yet handsome, then picked up the fallen pitcher, re-filled it himself at the pump, and crossing to the inn gave it there to Rose, who had witnessed with surprise the summary punishment he had inflicted upon her irritable lover.

"Thank you, sir; but I hope you will not send him to prison—he would not have struck me!" she said, with that generosity of her nature that was ever uppermost.

"He is a brute. Besides, I arrest him as one of the young men conspicuous to-day in the riots. I saw the assassin discharge that pistol twice at a party of constables, and tried then to arrest him. Your heart is tender—but he must meet his fate."

The quiet decision of these words seemed to admit of no reply, and Rose casting a furtive look at the constable as she was going into the inn, was startled, she hardly knew why, at meeting his blue eyes regarding her with a fixed look of curiosity and scrutiny.

CHAPTER IX.

EVA MARIE, THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

The story still confines its scenes and events to the first night on which it opened, changing only from place to place, but always limiting its time of action between the evening and morning of that night of the robbery of the jewels.

The reader will therefore follow us to a narrow lane, which runs close under the walls of St. Giles' church, in the darkest purlieus of London. The street-lamps are just being lighted by the rapid torchman, and the dim rays, as each in its turn is kindled, scarcely illumine ten feet around, so dense is the fog. The time is six o'clock, and a little before the hour when we first met Lord Conybeare on his way to the salon of gamblers, solicited, as he moved on, for alms by the little ragged girl, whose shriek, heard several hours later on the bridge, gave the alarm as he leaped from the parapet.

The reader will now go down this lane with us. It is narrow and gloomy, and the houses are very lofty and old; for it was the same narrow passage it is now, two hundred years ago. Indeed, rare Ben Jonson, and even Shakespeare once, for a week at a time, lodged in an old hostelry at its upper end. Before this tumble-down and ruinous habitation, black and greasy with age and dirt, we stop. The sign which was once over the low door (a head of Shakespeare) had rotted down; the wooden shutters were half eaten by time, and the whole structure seemed as if, after having done the world long and faithful service, it waited patiently to be removed, and give way to a modern edifice.

But the place was inhabited, wretched as its aspect was. It stood only by virtue of a lawsuit, the true heir of the property being in doubt; hence it had neither landlord, and hence, properly, no tenant, for a tenant is supposed to be a rent-payer. But the inmates of the "Shakespeare Head," or, as we rather choose to term it, "The Den," by which it was now known in the lane, paid no rent. They had taken possession of it as bats and rats occupy deserted mansions, on free terms, there being no one to disturb them so long as they kept the peace and disturbed not the equanimity and dignity of the police. There are many rooms under its roof, on its three floors, and in its cellar and garret, and not less than forty persons of both sexes dwell beneath its roof-tree. They are, or are supposed to be, all vagabonds—beggars, rogues, and poor devils and old witches that society has cast from its surface—wretches without hope on earth, waiting for death and hereafter. Follow through the outer door. It is wide open, because the valve shutters which once closed it have been broken up and burned, to keep warmth in the bodies of some of the occupants. The entrance is as common a thoroughfare as the street. The cold winds and rains sweep through the old entry as though it were an arched alley-way. Take care of the floor. Some of the boards have been surreptitiously taken up and chopped for fire-wood, to cook the offal some of the inmates gather from the streets, after the sleek city dogs have had their pick at the scavenger piles.

Follow us carefully, and we will go up these stairs; and as the rise to each step is gone, see you do not thrust your feet through, but climb as by a ladder. It is pitch dark, save a scarcely perceptible gleam that comes in at the door-way from the dingy and spider-webbed lamp in front. Now we are up safely. Some one is passing us in the obscurity. Hold your pockets, and also your breath, for thieving hands are here, and pestilential bodies are breathing disease. It is a fearful place to meet one in the dark, for no one regards or respects his fellow, and a passing hand would readily clutch thy throat if thou jostle too closely.

The second floor is darker than below. Hold to my arm and step with caution, sliding your feet lest you fall suddenly into the vacant spaces left by abstracted planks; for all over the building no floor is in its original state, and all wood of the architecture that is available is torn away for fuel. These wretched dwellers would dig up coffins, and burn them, to keep their shivering bodies from perishing in the cold, wintry days. But it it felony to rob the dead. The law in London gives wood to cold corpses, but denies it to the living cold corpses. The coffins made for the dead would keep all the poor living warm, and bake their bread, if bread to bake they had. It is a dreadful unhinged and out of order sort of world; but by-and-by we believe it will be all right.

Hark! That is a sharp cry! It is in the rooms above. It is a woman's voice, and it is uttered in a key of fear and terror? Oaths of men! What fearful imprecations! A child's scared wail is mingled with the oaths and moans. Voices coarse and horrid, from below, shout aloud with fiendish exultation at the sounds above, as if wretchedness and guilt rejoiced at the noise of confusion, pain, and domestic tyranny.' It is a fearful place.

Here is our place. The door-latch is gone, and we will open and enter. We are invisible, and do not disturb the inmates. It is a miserable place with a cot of straw, a few broken chairs, a table with a broken leg, resting its crippled corner on a barrel; and half a dozen pieces of crockery, a kettle without a handle, a blanket pegged to a shutterless and unglazed window. These constitute all the furniture of the room. There is a little light emitted by a strand untwisted from a junk of tarred rope in the corner. The strand was saturated with the tar, and being stuck in the mouth of a stone jug, blazes with a slow, dull, half-extinguished flame. It was enough, however, to reveal the wretched place, and the forms and faces of its inmates.

There were two persons, a man and a woman. They were both old, and clad in ragged habiliments of a description that mocked description. They sat on each side of the broken table, on which stood a mug of ale, out of which each drinks alternately, but eyeing each other with sharp and jealous watchfulness, lest one should take a longer draught than the other. The beams of the light fell horizontally upon their features. Their countenances were thin and cadaverous, and deeply carved with the lines of care and want, if not of guilt. They were a brother and sister. They had fled from France, their native land, thirty years before, to escape the just vengeance of the laws, which they had incurred by the murder, by poison, of their father, to obtain earlier their inheritance. It was a cruel and unnatural assassination, not only from the sacred relation sustained by their victim towards them, but the diabolical circumstances under which the deed was perpetrated. Both were young then—the son twenty and the sister eighteen, and both remarkable for their beauty of person.

But Heaven, who sooner or later brings to light deeds of evil, exposed the assassins, and without means to take flight by any conveyance they fled on foot together through forests by night, and robbing a poor fisherman of his boat, crossed the channel in it to England. They miserably reached

London, ignorant of its language, and accursed of God, found no shelter from man. For thirty years up to the time we now behold them they had lived, themselves and Satan only could tell how! but always by crime—thieving, robbing, lying, deceiving their kind. They clung together in their guilt and misery. What deeds of crime in this thirty years each had done no man can tell. Their last great crime was fearful. Finding they were growing old,—for guilt and want, and a "continual looking for of judgment," had made them prematurely old,—they stole a sweet boy from a garden near London, and taking him to their den they put out his beauteous blue eyes, as the heartless king did those of the two young princes, with hot iron; and made use of his blindness as an instrument of begging, leading him into the streets, now one now the other; while all the London papers rung with accounts of the loss of his wealthy parents. By and by, many months after, God took the child's soul away to Heaven, and its body was then carried, with a sort of fiendish pleasure, by its murderers, to the garden where they had stolen him away as he slept upon a bench in an arbor; and upon the same bench they laid the eyeless dead. But our pen refuses to dwell on these facts in London crime. We have an object in introducing these wretches into our story, and we would have the reader know something of them. There they sit and quaff ale and quarrel like two dogs over a bone! What a reward and recompense is this for their guilt in their father's death! Their thirty years of living death was a punishment severer than the guillotine from which they fled. Life was a curse to them, and yet they fought and cursed and clung to life!

There was a third person in the room. It is a young girl of thirteen. She is a delicately-framed child, and her pale, thin, famine-stricken face must have been lovely when she was a younger child and a happier; for surely better days have been hers. Her eyes are large and blue, and full of sorrow and fear! She looks as a child might who for many days had been chained without food, within a few feet of a lioness in the same den, and expected each moment to be torn in pieces. Just such a look of fear and horror had this pale girl. It was fixed and permanent. In whatever direction she looked around her, the look was there. Oh, God! what suffering, what tyranny, what cruelty must that child have endured to leave there such an impress of dreadful woe!

The girl was barefooted. She had but a single garment on, and this split to the naked knee, torn down the shoulder all along the naked arm, and rent down the back. She had tied it together as well as she could with shreds of the tarred rope which we see in the corner. Her hair was long, uncombed and wild; but yet it was soft and rich, like neglected and entangled floss. It was as black as shining silk, and singularly and beautifully contrasted the blueness of her eyes. The hands of the poor and laborious have snubbed fingers, hardened and worn blunt by toil; with squarish nails. The fingers of this child were tapering and shapely as if she were the daughter of a Duchess; and her naked feet had the arched under-curve and elegant shape the Grecian sculptors loved to give to Dian the Huntress. Blood and thorough-bred lineage will show itself in the horse, even if in the plough, and in woman even in rags. Evidently, dear reader, this young girl did not belong to these monsters! They had no children. Marriage was not for them. They clung together copartners in their one great crime, and feared to separate! feared one should betray the other even after thirty years! for laws of nations are for all time; and grasp the offender while he is in time, passing years giving never oblivion. They knew if they were discovered and recollected that France would as promptly demand their blood, as if it had been thirty years earlier. So they clung together hating and fearing one another; in all the time never speaking one to the other in a tone of kindness, but ever snarling and snappish. They had become like two old cats or two old dogs, only cats and dogs, being unpossessed of devils, are the more amiable and preferable animals.

The young girl stood in the corner of the room, behind the woman—if it may be called a standing, which was rather hanging. Tied by her two thumbs, she was tied up to a beam by a cord, so that her toes just touched the floor, bearing in their painful tension the whole weight of her body. She seemed to endure this torture as a matter of course—silent and patient. Hark! she slightly moans. The old woman Therese, without raising her cropped, gray head, about which was tied a dirty red cloth, mumbled shrilly,—

"Aye, vous get more d'argent nex toims."

"Yees," chimed in Simon, the old man, with a shaking of his fist at the child, "you be idel no mores, now! You lazie, no beg enough beaucoup, mechante! Nex toim we killee you."

Poor Eva (her name is Eva Marie! a sweet name for so sad a bearer) is so used to threats of death, when she comes home at night without money, or very little, that she makes no sign of having heard; but hangs there, the patient incarnation of silent suffering! She did not moan with every pain, for she received blows if she made a noise; heavy blows—blows with the man's fist—blows with the woman's bony open hand! They quarrel about their ale and forget her. She closes her eyes and falls asleep hanging there. How calm, and holy, and innocent that white, pale countenance! Sweetly she sleeps, as happier children on a bed of down! Eva has no bed—why not sleep there? Perhaps the good angels, that love to hover about the innocent and suffering, have made a couch around her with their wings, and bear gently up the weight of her body, so that, feeling it not, she falls into relieved repose. She smiles! What a radiant smile—as if she saw the blessed and good angels, and thanked them.

"Sacre! Vous avez bu le tout entier, mauvaise!" yells out Simon, grasping the ale mug in his sister's hand.

"Maldite! Ne mettez vous pas la main ici!" she screamed back, in bad French, made more horrid with the vile pronunciation. But as he insisted on recovering it before she took the whole, she bit his fingers with her teeth, and spat in his face like an infuriated cat. Upon this, he caught her by the short, grizzly hair, and thumped her head thrice hard upon the table. Still she held on firmly to the mug, with all the strength of both her hands, trying between each knock to convey it to her lips. Finding he could not regain it, he rose and threw her by the hair of the head to the floor. She fell with curses, and the mug, being beneath her, was smashed into fragments. Suddenly she uttered a loud scream of pain. A sharp piece had pierced her side, and the blood flowed freely upon the floor, mingled with the poured out ale. His countenance assumed a terrible ferocity. He sought some weapon to slay her. He anathematized her for losing the ale. He was so poor he possessed no knife, and he turned to the poor girl, and, after overwhelming her with imprecations, he untied her, and, with a blow upon the cheek, sent her across the room, ordering her to go out and beg money, and buy a mug and ale, and bring it in, or he would surely kill her.

"Go—go! *Va!* Come you no back avec no money no beers. Je vous kill dead, sacre!"

The poor child made her way along the dark passage by which we came in, and reached the street. With her hands folded up under her armpits, and shivering in the chill, foggy air, she went along mechanically. She moved like machinery—apathetic, and with features immoveable. All she felt was, that she must come back with money, or be killed by those monsters, in whose power she was. She went on, and on, and on, until she emerged from the labyrinth of crooked and vile streets, and came where better clad people walked. With sad appeal she thrust out her hand to the passers-by—

"Sir, please a penny!"

Men went on either heedless, or with a rude "No, begone!" Could that wretched room, out of which she had been driven, and the scenes enacted there, have suddenly appeared before these cold deniers' vision, how would the hardest-hearted among them have hastened to relieve her. Alas! we are poor, ignorant, and blind creatures! It is oftener through ignorance of their real necessities that we turn away from the poor! So the little Eva went pattering on with her bare feet, and no one gave unto her. She saw a man in a cloak pass by! He looked as if he had money. It was Lord Neagle hastening, as the reader will remember, from his mortifying interview with Lady Isabel, to his rendezvous in the Cul-de-Sac with Hinchcliff.

"Nothing," he said, shaking his head at her, and hurrying on.

So she passed into another street, and by-and-by, after many rebuffs, she fell in with the Earl of Conybeare, on his way to the gaming saloon. This interview, and the results up to his leap into the Thames, the reader was fully made acquainted with in chapter one of our story.

We now intend to follow the little Eva, or Mary, as she called herself after the nobleman had leaped from the bridge. She felt so much interested in one who had not only spoken kindly to her, but had given her money, (money—to keep Simon and Therese from killing her!) Oh, potent money! oh, life-saving silver! oh, life-preserving gold! No wonder men who have no other God worship and bow down to thee!

"What child art thou?" asked the watchman of the bridge, after he had seen the suicide-seeker taken up by Lord Neagle's descending barge. "Is the man thy father?"

"No—oh, no, sir."

"What then? for I saw thee come on the bridge together."

"No—I only followed him—he was so kind."

"Kind—and kill himself!"

"He gave me some money, and some good, kind words."

"You are a beggar, eh?"

"I don't beg because I love to, sir. I can't help it."

The watchman was moved by the plaintive tones in which she spoke.

"You are poor!"

"Very poor, sir, if you please."

"I don't please to have you poor, child," he said, smiling,—for she saw the smile by the bridge lamp, and wondered; for human smiles, to her, were as rare as sunshine to the poor Cornwall children—that live, like black ants, far down in coal shafts under the earth,—the Queen's foster children—the immortal moles and bats of her vast realm. Kind words, smiles, and candy were all unknown to poor little Eva Marie.

"Here, child. You look hungry and cold! Take this! My little daughter put it into my pocket as I came out to my 'beat' to-night, but you need it more than I. I have little girls; and God knows, if anything should happen to me, they may need a crust, like thee, which may Heaven forbid!"

As he spoke he placed in her hand half a loaf of fresh bread! What—have watchmen and policemen hearts? Did any one ever before suspect them of having snug little homes, and wives and little ones, and all other domestic humanities? Who ever saw an officer leading his own little boy! or with his good wife hanging on his arm! Do they go to church ever? Do they ever laugh and enjoy themselves? Or are they always there at their post—always the same hard-visaged, cold, stern, watchful statues, seeking whom they may devour—the terror of evil-doers!

"Thank you, sir. It is so good!" and she greedily went on devouring it, and, curtesying to him, she disappeared in the dark shadows of the tall houses that lined the bridge street. She ate as she ran, and she hastened, as fast as she could, home. Home! Shall this sacred word, which Religion has applied to all that is holy on earth, and to Heaven itself, be desecrated by application to room No. 19, in the den in Shakespeare's Lane? And why did she hasten back to give these wretches the money Lord Inglis had bestowed upon her? Why—now that she was beyond their reach—did she place herself in their power? Because she had no heart of courage to break her dreadful bonds! Months before she had fled, but never escaped: always the woman, like a sleuth hound, followed her and brought her back, and tortured her. London is a cold, hard, cruel place. Nobody cares for the houseless and friendless. The heart is dependent. It must cling to something. The companionship of a spider, of a serpent, of a tiger, is preferable to solitude! Eva knew no one but these two! They were the world to her. As men cling to the world, though it illy entreat them, so clung she, between fear and dependence (not to cling at all), to these monsters. They gave her, at least, shelter, and, sometimes, food; and these she might not get in all cold, hard-hearted London if she left them! But how did she come to be with them?

She was the only child of a poor foreigner, who, with the air and aspect of a man of birth and rank, had, Heaven knows by what reverses and wrongs, been driven at last to seek lodgings, with this child, ten years before, at the Den. He was far gone in consumption, and, moneyless, dying, and friendless, he came hither to breathe his last. How he knew of the place we know not. But misery in some way soon learns the abodes of the miserable! As he spoke French, Simon and Therese took him and his child into their room. The story is a short one. In three days he died. Upon his breast was found a locket—the gold case wanting, pawned, doubtless, for food or bed. They seized it, and kept the sweet, fair child, and broke, by degrees, its spirit, with fear and blows, and made it their slave. Alas, poor little Marie! Surely there cometh a judgment, when the great cycle of Time's hourglass will be turned up again, and the sands run the other way. There is a Court of Errors above where suffering and wronged humanity will file its appeal! The page that now reads from right to left will there be read from left to right!

Little Eva reached her Den, and entered it with a light heart. She was happy, because she felt she would not be killed. Hers was negative joy always! She never had a positive delight. The monsters slept—one the sleep of earth, which has a waking,—the other, Therese, that sleep of the heart which knows no waking! She lay in a pool of blood! The first chapter of the history of the female parricide was closed! The next would open —*where?*

Little Eva stood appalled. The cold, waxy face made her feel strongly as she gazed upon it. She could not realize that the stiff, blue lips would never curse nor scold her more!—that those bony and fixed fingers, strong as coral bracchia, would never inflict blows upon her more! A sort of dreadful joy stole into her heart as the truth took possession of her mind. But there lay Simon, his head near her feet, and though asleep, alive. But she had not feared him so much as Therese. A bad woman is more cruel than a bad man. She prayed in her heart he might not wake again! Then she thought of her loneliness if he should die. She knew nobody. She was all alone! Simon moved and rose to his feet. The sight of his dead sister made him start back with a "Sacr-r-r-e!"

"Morte?"

"Yes."

"Who killed her?" he demanded, savagely.

"The piece of broken jug. Look!"

Simon did look. His rage was turned from the child, and he stood gazing upon the ghastly dead. A sort of stupor came over him. For thirty years they had been together in crime and being. He looked bewildered, as if he had lost a part of himself. For some minutes he uttered only the words—

"Morte—dead—dead!"

Three men, burglars, were beneath playing cards. One of them saw with surprise, eleven red hearts upon his card. He gazed upon it with amazement. As he did so, a drop of blood splashed upon his hand.

"Blood, men!"

They looked upward, and saw the red globules descending more and more rapidly.

"A murder!"

They rushed up stairs with their light, burst into the room, and saw what we have described.

Simon was soon under arrest, charged with the murder on the testimony of Eva, who told the officers, on being questioned, that they had quarreled for the mug, and he had thrown her upon the floor. When they would have taken her also into custody to appear as a witness (the custom of enlightened England being to imprison witnesses as if malefactors), she had escaped, none knew whither.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MERCHANT GOLD.

BY R. W. M.

Gold, red gold, is a merchant old,
And from manhood's dawn has bought and sold,
In every country, and every clime,
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad, round world is his ledger page—
His invoices are of every age,
Nor breathes there a being who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower,
And waits, heart-broken, the nuptial hour,
When merry bells, amid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to honor the rich man's bride—
Though *he* is not present she loves so well,
To look a long and last "farewell,"—
Is she not bargained for? is she not sold
To the selfish trader, Merchant Gold?

The miser who steals, at the dead of night,
To count and gloat o'er his treasures bright—
Who, while others riot in lust, or sleep,
Adds something more to his shining heap—
Whose priest, whose God, whose law divine,
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine,—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the cunning trader, Merchant Gold?

Feelings and friendships, love and truth,
Honor and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsmen, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things—
Body and spirit, matter and mind,
Must go in their turns to "raise the wind,"
For all are bargained for!—all are sold
To the ruthless trader, Merchant Gold.

THE LOVE-CRAZED ORPHAN;

OR,

THE FALSE-HEARTED GUARDIAN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Several years before the date of the opening of my story, Augusta Banks had taken a little foundling to rear. The death of Augusta's parents left her and her brother Angelo the sole owners of their home and fortune.

There, then, they dwelt, happy in each other's society, and seeking little connection with the world without.

They were well educated and refined in taste, therefore they made for themselves a home suited to education and refinement. In this secluded and lovely spot, and under the tender care of one whose spirit had been softened by many a secret sorrow—who had been taught patience and strength by many a long struggle, carried on, single-handed and alone, in her own heart—did the young Estelle grow up to womanhood. She was a happy-hearted child, and a happy girl, though, when *his own conduct* had made her wretched, Angelo Banks declared that she *never had been*, and never *would have been*, happy. She was of a singular, and, perhaps, contradictory character; very sensitive, very imaginative—endowed with a nature as adhesive and affectionate as was ever given to human being. As merry as the birds of spring, she hasted through her childhood—happy as a creature of earth can be, she passed her early youth; there was indeed one shadow that at times rested upon her—she remembered the open grave into which had been lowered the form of a mother, whose memory was to her as if it had been the memory of an angel of God. Alone, in the solemn night, Estelle wept for her mother, and many a time did she go stealing forth, when no eye but God's was upon her, to lie, until she was wet with the dew, and chill with the air of midnight, on that dear mother's grave. Sometimes an almost insane desire would possess her to force a passage through the earth to the cold form that was lying far below her, and she would call upon her mother's name with an intensity of longing which, could the dead hear and heed, would have brought again to earth the soul of the departed. But with the light of morning happiness returned to the heart, and smiles to the face, of the adopted child.

Augusta loved her dearly, and she was dear to Angelo.

Estelle loved her kind and indulgent adopted mother, but to Angelo she looked up with a feeling that was little short of adoration. He was so good, so learned, so handsome, and he seemed to love her so, and to that seeming love she gave all of real devotion that a woman's heart can feel.

Augusta at length awoke to the fact that Angelo and her ward were lovers. She was startled; she didn't know exactly what to say or do. She went to her room and thought about it.

"Why not? My brother will be kind to her; he is *always* kind. He is much older than Estelle, but if she loves him, *that* matters not. She is good, and love makes her beautiful to us—to my brother and me; she is poor and friendless, but *we* have enough for all. Angelo has never, to my knowledge, been so seriously in love. He has had his passing fancies, but has kept them to himself. I am confident that he has expressed his love to no woman save Estelle—how *strange*, to think of my little girl as a *woman!* It makes *me* feel old indeed"—Augusta sighed as she cast her eyes towards a mirror—"but to her he shows himself unmistakably the lover. Am I pleased? Yes, I am. Let things take their course," and the kind-hearted old maid went smiling down stairs.

Not a blinder person can there be on earth than a woman who does not wish to see, and for months Augusta was blind as a bat or mole to the pretty little romance going on right under her eyes. But by-and-by things began to wear a new aspect. The face of Estelle was often very pale, and her eyes assumed a wild and wretched expression. What could it mean?

One evening Angelo came smiling to his sister, saying he had something to say to her which he hoped would give her pleasure. He was intending soon to take unto himself a wife. Augusta had "suspected as much;" she asked, in secret joy, for the lady's name.

"Madam De On," was the reply, as the gentleman assumed an attitude of the utmost self-satisfaction, and looked to see his sister go into raptures of surprise and gratification. Instead of that she sank back in her chair, and grew pale as death.

"What *can* you mean, Angelo? Surely you are mocking my credulity. It cannot be that *my brother* is a—a—yes, a *villain;* for what other name shall I call the false robber of a woman's heart?"

"I should be pleased to know what *you* mean, Augusta Banks. I should think this is a pretty way to congratulate your brother upon his approaching nuptials with one of the most charming, as well as the most *wealthy*, ladies in the land. What *do* you mean? Explain yourself."

And Augusta *did* explain.

Angelo smiled sweetly, as he *so well could smile.*

"She is a gentle, yielding little pussy," he said, in soft tones, as if speaking *to* Estelle. "I *am* fond of her. It was pity, at first, and she is so affectionate, that I can't very well avoid making a sort of pet of her; but I assure you I have never, by a single promise, *committed myself* to her, and of late the child has been so offish and sulky, that I have quite learned to get along without her. I used to feel almost lost when she was all day out of my sight. Don't worry about Estelle, sis, I have never made love to her."

"What do you call 'making love,' my noble gentleman—my admirable brother?" asked Augusta, her eyes flashing scorn, and her whole frame quivering with agitation.

"Why, certainly, not the mere fondling and kissing of a young creature like Estelle—*one's own ward*, too. Why, sister, how disagreeable you do look. I really believe I shall have to go out and leave you to become more amiable before I talk further with you. 'Tis delightfully pleasing to find you in such a temper when I came to receive your joyful sympathy in my happiness."

The offended gentleman took his hat and turned towards the door, but his sister was too quick for him. She sprang to the door, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and Mr. Banks did not make his escape from her presence until his sins had been pretty distinctly set in order before him.

But when was ever a man induced to do one thing when his mind was made up to do another, particularly when the *one* thing was what he ought in all kindness and honor to do, and the *other* was just what he ought *not* to do?

Angelo married Madam De On.

This Madam was a most lovely widow lady of a French count of great wealth. She was herself an American, and felt that she was happy in obtaining a husband of her own native land, and one of so noble a character as she believed Mr. Banks to possess.

She was a true-hearted, high-souled woman—a prize well worthy the efforts of any man. Her wealth was *no objection* to Angelo, and he admired her beauty and grace; but how about *loving* her? We cannot tell—*a man's heart* is a mystery altogether beyond *our* fathoming. We will venture *one* proposition—it is this: that if a man loves a woman *for her own sake*, he can love but one; if he loves for the sake *of his own pleasure*, he can love forty or a hundred and forty women.

For several weeks before Angelo's wedding, Estelle had been pale and silent almost as a corpse. All the efforts of Augusta failed to draw any confidences from her. Not a word would she say of Angelo or of herself. When pressed to go out and try to cheer herself up, she steadily refused; and when her anxious adopted mother called in a physician to see if he could do anything for her, the wretched Estelle utterly refused to see him. Augusta knew that Angelo had had several interviews with her ward; she had noticed that he had looked very much troubled and excited after Estelle had left him. Once she spoke of what she had observed, but her brother replied in such ill humor that she resolved to say no more. She thought in her heart that he had begun to suffer for his sin, and she felt glad of it, hoping it would lead to good results. Many times she asked herself whether she had not better go and acquaint Madam De On with the state of affairs in her brother's house; but not knowing the character and disposition of that lady, she feared that such an act would be worse than useless.

The marriage was concluded, and the bridegroom was awaiting for his bride to come out equipped for the journey which they were about to take. She was late; time passed rapidly, and in a few moments they would be too late for the boat. Angelo knocked at her chamber door. There were strange sounds within.

"Who is there?" asked the voice of his bride.

"Are you not almost ready? I fear we shall lose our passage."

"Come in," said his wife, unlocking the chamber door.

Angelo entered. There were the traveling garments of his wife all lying in a heap on the floor; her bridal vail was torn in several pieces, and cast upon the hearth; and by the side of the hearth crouched Estelle, with her long, black hair all unbound, her chin resting on her knees, and her hands clasped before her over a picture of himself, which he had long before given her. Her feet were bare, and her dress was badly torn; she had climbed into the chamber over the grape arbor, and when the new-made bride had entered to change her dress, there was poor Estelle, telling to the sisters of the bride a wild, strange story, which they were too terrified to understand. When the bride herself entered, Estelle ran to her and showed her the picture, which, until then, she had concealed in her bosom. Mrs. Banks requested her sisters, and the servants and friends who had come to assist her, to go out, and leave her alone with the distracted girl. They were unwilling to do so, but the lady was firm, and they went.

"Now, my poor girl," she said, when they were alone, and the door fastened, "what is it? I know who you are, but what can have thrown you into this dreadful state, and why are you here?"

"Do not take *him* away!" began Estelle; "do not take him where I can never again see him. He loved me so before he saw you—he made so much of me; I was so happy—oh! *so* happy! See, he gave me this, and promised *always* to be as kind to me as he then was; but he has not been—he will not take me in his arms now, though I am so cold and comfortless—he will not kiss me any more, though he knows that his kisses are dearer to me than life. He looks angrily at me, and frowns, and reproves me when I sigh and groan; he is killing me, and he does not care; and oh! beautiful lady, it is all because of you. *Do not* take him away!"

When Angelo entered the chamber, he was horror-struck at the sight which met his eyes. His bride's face wore a pale, determined look, as she pointed to Estelle.

"Can you explain that?" she asked, coldly.

Estelle sprang up, and ran to cast herself into the arms of Angelo. To his credit be it spoken, he did not knock her down. She clung to him with the wild energy of despair, and cried, in piercing tones, for him to stay with her, or take her with him and his beautiful bride. Angelo saw that he was in a close and dangerous corner; he rallied all his wits to get safely out. Stroking the hair of Estelle, and calling her, in gentle tones, a naughty, silly little girl, he sat down with her upon a sofa, and proceeded to inform his wife that he was perfectly blameless in the matter of the foolish child's distress; that she was a nervous, affectionate, half-distracted creature that he and his sister had been obliged to pet very much in order to make quiet and happy, and that she must not mind anything that had been said.

"Oh! Angelo! oh! Angelo! what have you said? How *can* you tell that I have had no love but that of pity from you? *You have made me* what I am, and now you say that I was always so. May God forgive you, for you are a false, false man."

She tried to lean her head against the back of the sofa, her eyes gleamed wilder than ever, and she sent forth awful screams, which brought Augusta, with many other ladies, quickly to the chamber door. Augusta alone was admitted, and on being solemnly charged by her sister-in-law to tell what she believed to be the truth in this affair, she confirmed the story of Estelle.

It is useless to linger over this history.

The bride of an hour was too proud to receive as her husband a man who could thus trifle with and deceive any woman. She at once and forever refused to go a step with Angelo, declaring that she should immediately apply for a divorce. "I gave my love and myself to one whom I believed to be a true and noble man. I was mistaken; I recall my love—I reclaim my liberty. You can depart alone. Henceforth we are strangers."

Humbled and angry, Angelo departed, leading with him the poor, weeping Estelle.

The indignant bride detained Augusta to assure her that for Estelle, the cause of this rupture, she felt the truest pity, and for her (Augusta) continued friendship and respect. "But it will be best and most agreeable to all parties that all intercourse between our families should cease."

"Certainly, madam, I understand that," replied Augusta.

"But we part in kindness, do we not? and in the hope of meeting where no root of bitterness can ever spring up in our way."

"We do indeed. I shall ever remember you with affectionate admiration. From my soul I honor you for your conduct this day. If every woman would but act thus, there would be more honor among men."

With the kindest feelings the two women parted, and Augusta hurried after the pair who had driven home before her.

Instead of hating Estelle for the part she had played, Angelo sought to calm and comfort her, and in this effort he partially overcame the keenness of his own pangs. The better part of his nature was now working; he saw that he had met the very fate which he had deserved, and moreover, he was now satisfied, by his feelings regarding what had taken place, that his *affections* were with the maniac, rather than with the rich and beautiful bride. The sorrow which he felt at the condition of Estelle was such that he could not deceive himself into thinking that *pity* was all that moved his heart for her. He was mortified—deeply so—how could he help it?—at what had passed; but he was conscious of a secret joy that he was to be set free from the vows he had but just spoken. Did he think that he would then marry Estelle?

He *would* have done so, but it was not so to be. Estelle never recovered her reason. He had not intended this when he won her heart only to cast it from him; oh! no—not this; but this was what he did, and for all the rest of his life, whenever he entered the presence of her over whom his heart yearned more and more, with all the fervor and pain of remorseful love, he had the misery to hear her implore, as she clung to him with the desperate strength of insanity—

"Do not go away—do not forsake me; oh! take me with you, or let me die!"

Over and over again—for hundreds, perhaps thousands of times—did he soothe her with answers that he never, never meant to leave, or push her from him. It calmed her for the moment, but soon the cry would be repeated—the anguish renewed.

When forty years had gone Estelle was alone, a love-crazed old woman. Her guardians had left their wealth in the hands of those who bestowed every care and attention upon the unfortunate maniac, so that she was not friendless or poor. She lived until she was seventy-eight years old, a perpetual mourner, and when she died, it was with this last moan, "Let me go with you, Angelo; *do not forsake me.*"

A SERVANT'S "RIGHTS."

We were told at Philadelphia, a short time since, of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who, having engaged a farm-servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into the house, and into his master's room, with his hat on. "John," he said to him one day, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house." "Well, sir, haven't I a right to?" "Yes, I suppose you have." "Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn't I." This was a poser from one man to another, where all have equal rights. So, after a moment's reflection, he shrewdly asked, "Now, John, what'll you take—how much more wages will you ask—to take off your hat when you come in?" "Well, that requires consideration, I guess." "Take the thing into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning." The morrow comes. "Well, John, have you considered what additional wages you are to have for taking your hat off?" "Well, sir, I guess it's worth a dollar a month." "It's settled, then, John—you shall have another dollar a month;" and the gentleman retained a good servant, while John's hat was always in his hand when he entered the house.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THOU SHALT NOT COVET.

It is quite instinctive that the houseless man should covet his neighbor's house, and the landless man his neighbor's fields. The fairer the house and the richer the fields, the stronger the desire to have a share in them, and continual nursing of the thought often convinces men that they have a just claim and right to a portion of these things which they have not helped to create. So much easier is it to forget that the house has been reared at the neighbor's expense, and the fields have been rendered from wilderness by the neighbor's toil, than to suffer the expense and toil in one's self.

Strange as it may seem, the more civilized and intelligent society becomes, apparently, the stronger the disposition to break over the barriers of custom and law, and set the contracts and rights of the past at nought. Never was this disposition more active than in our own age; and though industry and enterprise are claimed as the nobility of human pursuit, and worthy to possess all they can honestly acquire, their accumulations are invidiously eyed by idleness and less fortunate labor, which, misled and little wise, would fain repudiate the very lines which protect and make sacred a condition to which all intelligent labor aspires.

Labor is the true wealth of the world, and has the power to surround itself with comfort, luxury, and independence; but it can never do so until, organized, it distributes its efforts rightly, and fixes firm the bounds and rights of individual property. It is no less natural for man than politic for society, that such bounds and rights should be unalterably fixed. Without such provision, labor is deprived of one of its most powerful incentives—the hope of accumulation. It is not only a just, but the divine law, that toil shall reap and idleness want bread; and when, branding agrarian covetousness aright, labor combines to protect property, and teach idleness and craft that they must toil or starve, the task of the honest toiler, everywhere, will be lighter and more richly rewarded.

AN EXAMPLE.

Many people turn up their noses at what they call "dirty work," as though all *honest* labor was not cleaner than many kid-gloved ways of swindling one's-self through the world. Rather than owe our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets, or sweep chimneys at fifty cents a day. We recently learned an instructive bit of history touching a doer of "dirty work," a mechanic, a stone-mason. No matter where he was born; he would be just as noble were he a Turkman or an Irishman. He came to this city some eighteen years ago, young, healthy and honest. He could get no employment at first but hod-carrying, and he carried so well as to at once earn his dollar a day. He procured cheap, but respectable board and lodging; spent none of his evenings in groggeries and low places; attended church on the sabbath; educated himself evenings; laid up money steadily, and within two years was fast learning the stone-mason's trade. Ere five years had elapsed, his savings were sufficient to purchase a city lot and build a cottage thereon. Soon after he found a good wife—that priceless anchor of man—and occupied, in place of renting, his cottage. All who made his acquaintance knew him as a master worker, a fine scholar, a gentleman, and a pattern of a man. During the eighth year of his residence here, his talent and assiduity called him to still more profitable employments. He became a partner in an established business concern. This day, in spite of "hard times," he is worth a hundred thousand dollars; has a lovely wife and three beautiful children, and a home that is the center of a brilliant social and intellectual circle, and he is one of the most honored and happy of men as widely as he is known. It is not "dirty work," if the work be useful and honest, that keeps men down in the world.

A WICKED PRACTICE.

The habitual carrying of concealed deadly weapons is as habitual a provocative of violence and murder. The practice indicates depraved intelligence and bad morality. No truly refined and Christian man will thus arm himself. It is a means of assault, or defence, worthy only of barbarous and savage states of society. When we consider that the old Egyptian, twenty-five centuries before the Christian era, cast by his side-arms as unfit for peaceful, law-abiding society, we must think him a more civilized and rational man than the Briton of two centuries—aye, less time ago than that, even,—since, who considered himself no gentleman unless he carried a rapier at his side—and ten to one this very rapier transformed what might have been a gentleman into a quarelsome "riff-raff," or ruffian.

How natural that those who sling the pistol and knife under their robes should, in a close-corner quarrel, "whip them out"—to turn the scale of combat. To the armed, every dispute is a provocation for the use of deadly weapons. In some of our cities, where this bad practice most prevails, thousands of personal quarrels end fatally, simply because the pistol and dirk are always at hand. He alone is regarded as a man of metal, a courageous fellow, a real bravo, who carries his weapon and is not afraid nor ashamed to use it. To our mind *he* is most courageous who scorns to go armed among his fellows, like some bandit, or assassin—who is afraid to shed blood save in the most desperate extremity, and then only in self-defence. Say what the world will, concealed weapons are a sign of moral cowardice. Pistol-shooting, rifle-shooting, dirking, or whatever other way of killing, in duels or in chance fights, is a miserable, unchristian, inhuman business.

It is but just now that a youth in our vicinity has been tried, and found guilty of manslaughter, for causing, or carrying the cause of, the death of a fellow young man. It matters not as regards the wickedness of the practice of carrying concealed weapons, whether the shooting was deliberate or accidental. If there had been no concealed pistol, there would have been no death. The bearer of the weapon is criminally guilty, judged from whatever point of view. And if this secret arming is wicked ordinarily, how much more wicked and shocking to see a youth barely released from the restraints of childhood, swaggering and vaporing about, and by his weapons advertise himself as a bully and cut-throat. Civilization can never be perfect where such practices prevail. Statute laws seem powerless to entirely reach the evil and put down the duello and assassin, but there is a means by which they might be put down. If society would but place its unfailing and irremovable ban upon all who use or carry concealed weapons, they would soon be abandoned. It is moral condemnation alone that can extinguish this wicked practice.

FOOLISH.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," says the well and widely-approved adage. If one cannot command terms, his next wisest move is to take up with the best terms he can get. On the point of starvation, a man should not stand upon the ordinary daintiness of his stomach, but eat what he can lay hold on. We quote and suggest these truisms, as the most impressive mode of getting at the common sense of a class whose common sense is often astonishingly obscure. We mean the day-laboring class. It is but recently, since panic times began, that we overheard an out-of-employ worker say, he'd "be blamed if he was going to submit to any reduction of wages—he'd been getting a dollar a day, and he wasn't going to come down to six shillings."

This bravoism in times when the demand for his labor is a competing one, will do very well for a man, but it is very short-sighted and foolish when there is no demand—when enterprise is dead and labor is at a stand-still. It appears to us that true wisdom dictates the taking of the best wages a man can get in these extraordinary times, even though the amount be reduced. And especially when the pressure has affected the provision and trade markets to such an extent, that half-a-dollar now will buy as much flour or calico as a dollar would have bought a few months ago. True, a man with anything of a family can only barely live on panic-times wages, but it is better to barely live on one's own industry than to beg, steal, or starve. We know of men out of employ who would be glad of places that would give them a sure, though very scanty subsistence. And these are wise men, whereas the sticklers for ordinary-times prices are foolish. And these latter are not a few.

Our advice has been, in a former article, that all the unemployed who can should leave the city for the country, where the hospitality is greater, and the demand for labor more probable. But whether one leaves or stays, let him—or her—have no quarrel with bread and butter while these times last. Capital is depressed; and credit is used up, and no enterprise or industry will be encouraged for months, beyond what is absolutely necessary. Thousands cannot get employment in cities at any price, and those who are offered the means of living at all may deem themselves fortunate. If all do the best they know and can, the storm will be weathered. God's providence is still over us, and it will permit no greater punishment or burthen than we have deserved—even if it be more than we can bear.

THE RIGHT WAY.

One of our heaviest merchants, caught in the vortex of the hard times, and threatened with the wreck of his fortune, instead of giving up the ship, or sitting down and sucking his thumbs, has set about retrenching his outgoes as one of the best means of recovering his income. He has sold his palatial residence in Washington Place, and taken a small, snug house in a "cheaper part of the city." He has sold his horses and carriage, and dispensed with footman and coachman. His wife has cut off half her servant-help. Her daughters do their own sewing, instead of hiring it done, and in one way and another the family have retrenched at least three thousand dollars a year. The assets of this merchant are such that, without woful sacrifice, he must be worth a million over his debts—perhaps more—but he is not going to run any risks. He means to be prepared for the worst, and therefore begins to economize before he is driven to it. It is easier now than it would be then. His retrenchment alone would save him in ten years a snug little fortune. This is the right way of breasting the storm—the honest way. Many others of this man's class are following his example. The rich in this respect are more provident and courageous than the poor. It should not be humiliating for the "first families" to come down a peg. If they only think for a moment, they will remember that most of them began the world in a humble way, without carriages or abundance of servants. It is good sometimes to be reminded of our humble origins as well as of our humanities.

It is difficult for an editor of a daily paper to write a book. He is so in the habit of condensing matters, that he finds it as difficult to amplify as an ignoramus to hold his tongue.—*Day Book.*

And it is just as difficult for an author—a writer of books, to make a popular newspaper. There have been more papers killed in this city by literary men, without business experience or practical knowledge in conducting public journals, than anybody has any idea of. Book-making differs as widely from newspaper-making as preaching from pleading. A man may have an excellent reputation as a lawyer, but put him into the pulpit and he would probably make sorry work. Every man to his business.

Friends and Enemies.—He who by his conduct makes good friends on the one hand, and bitter haters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition; while the chicken-hearted, imbecile character, is capable of making neither friends nor foes.

The above paragraph, which we clip from one of our exchanges, originally appeared in the Ledger. We wrote it ourself; and we insert it now for the purpose of saying that we are pleased to see it has had so general a run in the papers, and met the approval of so many editors, *even if it has been published without credit.*

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

I was thinking to-day, how many young ladies who read the New York Ledger, ever made it their business to relieve the suffering poor. I do not doubt that you have contributed sums of money, when called upon to do so; that is not what I mean; that often requires little or no self-denial. Have you ever left your comfortable homes, and passed through narrow streets and alleys, up rickety stair-ways lined with neglected children, whose cradle-heritage is sorrow, to search out some poor woman, languishing for everything that makes life sweet to you? It is not agreeable, I know, to see and hear nothing from which the sickened soul and senses do not turn shuddering away. But was life intended for a holiday? Is there nothing for the young and happy but to dance, and laugh, and sing? Does it matter nothing to that young heart, that within the very sight of the cheerful fire-light from your windows, within sound of your musical laughter, (which God forbid I should find fault with,) sits despair with tearless eye—doubting man, doubting God—to whom the sight of your fresh, cheerful and sympathizing face would be like a flash of sunlight across the captive's dungeon floor; to whom your sweet heart-tones would be like the plank to the ship-wrecked mariner? I am sure you cannot have thought of this, or you would not have contented yourself with sending now and then a coin by the hand of some friend. You can never have suffered, or you would know how beyond all price is—sympathy. You can never have felt that delicious joy which thrills through every nerve, as the bowed head is lifted, the pale cheek flushes, and the rayless eye overflows with the gratitude which words are so meaningless to express. I am sure you could never have listened to the sad, truthful story, and there are many such, without execrating your own selfishness, that you had eaten, drunk and slept, day after day, as if there were no hungry mouths to feed, no broken hearts to bind. I am sure you can never appreciate your own table, your own fireside, your own bed, till you see them by this contrast.

Oh, there are lessons to be learned up those narrow stairways, in those darkened rooms, which whole libraries were powerless to teach you. Lessons of sublime faith and trust in God under crushing sorrows, which are written in letters of light, read only by angels, and those human angels who see their Father's lineaments in every sorrow-stained face. There is to be seen the fierce, one-handed struggle with temptation, which, whether victorious or not, is *justly* weighed in the balance by Him who made every quivering nerve, and who can make allowance when the sharp cry of childhood nerves the outstretched hand of plunder. Why He permits this, is not for you and me, who believe in, and love Him, to ask. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter—faith can trust and wait—meantime he says to us, "Feed my lambs."

Will you do it, not by proxy, but with your own hands? Will you seek out *one* sufferer at least, to whose necessities you will minister? Some day, though your eyes are so bright, your limbs so round, your locks so glossy; some day, though Heaven forbid it, you may need such ministration yourself. I have seen this very week one as delicately cared for once as you now are, with as little prospect of future want, sitting by her fireless hearth, holding to her breast a little skeleton of a babe, with two other children clamoring for food; and no hope of relief but in Him who feedeth the sparrows. "Oh," said she to me, "when I think of what I *was*, and what I *am*," and she looked about her cold, cheerless room and at her hungry children, "I get *wild* with trouble."

Ah—that thinking!—that contrast of plenty with destitution—of tender care and love, with the cold charity of the world;—that hopeless gaze into the future;—those fettered hands and feet, and yet that weary road to travel;—and the arm—dust—that was once so strong to lean upon, so tender to shield!—Ah—have you no pity for such! Can you not feed those little innocent children, and ask your friends each to contribute something to help to feed them? Can you not, with your own hands, make from your useless dresses something to cover them? Can you not sit down by that sorrowing woman, once so happy, and ask her to try for her own sake, not to look back—not to look forward so repiningly? Can you not ask her to try to *live by the day*, not by the month, or year? Can you not say to her, as you place the loaf of bread on her table; or the coal, or wood on her hearth; *to-day* you have food, warmth and shelter—trust God for the morrow;—and will you not be His almoner till the cloud is a *little* lifted, and the sun-light streams through?

I have spoken of lessons to be learned in these abodes of sorrow. Oh, it is beautiful the unselfishness of some of the poor each for the other: the sharing the small loaf, the watching by the sick bed, when the watcher is scarcely less sick; the loan of the ragged shawl, or shoes; the comforting word, when there is nothing else to give. I have seen in those places deeds that would put to blush many, for the reward of which an admiring world clamors so loudly. Are they lost? Neither you nor I believe it. We shall hear of them yet, but not from mortal tongues.

In conclusion I would say, that it would make me very happy if, at this time of distress, when so many, by no fault of their own, are without the means of a livelihood, I should call the attention of only one young lady who reads this article in the Ledger, to the duty of *personal ministration* to the suffering poor.

Fanny Fern.

BENONIS AND BENJAMINS.

One of the most touching of the merely human scenes, described in the book of books, is the death of Rachel. It is full of instruction, withal.

Rachel had given birth to a male child. It was an object, at once, of joy and sorrow, for it was to be followed by the death of its mother, as the consequence of its being born. Hence she called its name "Ben-oni," meaning the "son of her sorrow." But its father, Jacob, insisted on calling it Benjamin, which was meant to designate it as the "child of his right hand." The words of the sacred record are these: "She called his name Ben-oni; but his father called him Benjamin."

The children of earth, however sad or joyful the auspices of their birth, may be safely divided into two general classes, under these designations—the Benonis and the Benjamins, or the children of sorrow and the children of promise. Apart from the good or ill luck of birthright, it is in the power of every young person to make himself a Benjamin, or a Benoni, at will—a joy and a comfort to his parents, his relatives, and all who come within his sphere, or a curse and a nuisance to the same. Their destiny is, to a great measure, in their own hands, for weal or woe.

THEY MUST BE WHIPPED!

We were sauntering over the farm with Job, who took an honest pride in showing us the broad acres of the old homestead.

"This place," said our sturdy old friend, wiping his brow with his red bandanna, as we took shelter from the hot sun under the shade of an apple tree, "is the eastern boundary of the farm."

We were in an orchard facing the road, and up to our knees in red clover, whose delicious scent put us at peace with all the world. On our right, across a narrow field of golden wheat, was a farm-house, behind which a troop of light-haired urchins were rollicking, with all the noise and ardor of merry-hearted childhood.

"The!" said we, in response to Job. "Every farmer, in speaking of [illegible] plantation, calls it 'the!' Is there but *one* in all the world, or is the prevailing idea that there are many only a myth?"

"None of your nonsense!" retorted Job, pushing up his flat broad-brim to the edge of his hair, to give his forehead a share of the passing breeze. "I believe there is just one more. The one adjoining us, for instance—six hundred acres—the property of five small orphans, who, when they arrive of age, will not have the first red."

Cent he meant; but supposing that we understood him, he omitted the word. Our friend likes, now and then, to speak in the language of Young America, which, in his opinion, adds force, and sometimes unusual significance, to a remark. But then, it must be observed that Job never calls in the aid of such expressions except when indignant, as the color of his face and the dilating of his eyes showed him to be at this moment.

We looked at him for an explanation.

"Their mother," said Job, "died while the youngest, now about five years old, was yet an infant. She was followed two years after by her husband, who, all his life a blunderer, died without a will. His brother, by law the administrator of the estate, and the guardian of the children, then entered upon the property, and——"

"*He must be whipped!*" shrieked, at this moment, a virago voice from the farm-house.

"The uncle's wife," observed Job, in parenthesis. "She has that sentence pat upon her tongue twenty times a day."

"A tartar!" we smilingly ventured.

"The husband has learned to obey her, I believe," was the reply, in a tone that left no doubt of the fact. "He is doing it *now!*" added Job, as the cries of a child undergoing flagellation came to us on the breeze.

"One of her own children?" we inquired.

Job shook his head with an emphatic No! and intimated that *they* never received a stroke. "The dear innocents," continued Job, evidently echoing the virago. "The malicious, talking gabblers!" he added, evidently echoing himself.

"Why is she so severe upon the orphans?" we asked.

"They are a great deal of trouble!" returned Job, imitating the virago's voice, by which we understood that he was repeating her stereotyped remark to all visitors.

"Is that the only reason?"

"It is human nature to hate whom we injure," said Job, with a glance that was full of meaning. "And yet I would not say a word against Mr. or Mrs. Grasp, for they are very respectable people! Respectably descended on both sides," added Job, putting his forefinger on his nose, and looking at us obliquely; "move in good country society; members of the church, and all that; but—understood!"

We nodded with a smile which informed him that *we* understood, also.

"And yet they are very respectable people," continued Job, in a patriotic voice, "*very* respectable!" he added, emphatically, with a quick gesture of his thumb over his left shoulder. "Charge the orphans two dollars a week each for board, and make them eat the leavings of their own young ones; seventy-five dollars a year each for clothes, and make them wear the cast-offs of their own children!"

"Is this true?" said we, indignantly.

"Chee!" returned Job, his substitute for 'hush.' "Not so loud. These are things which everybody knows, but which nobody can prove. But as for the people in *our* house, and those in the others on the road, why," continued Job, calmly eyeing us, and meaningly nodding his head, "they *believe* it!"

Certainly a good actor was lost to the stage when Job turned merchant.

"*He must be whipped!*" came to us again from the farm-house.

"Wouldn't one suppose that the woman loved that phrase?" said Job. "'Ma! Johnny has tossed the cat on the cow's back!' 'He must be whipped!' 'Ma! Bill is gittin' on my scup!' 'He must be whipped!' 'Ma! Ed is playin' horsey on his hands and knees, and Bill is ridin' him!' 'They must be whipped!' 'Ma! Sam has won my marbles, and won't give 'em back to me!' 'He must be whipped!' And they are whipped," added Job, falling back again into his own voice. "Were it not that the little fellows are hardened by their long-continued flogging, and that Mr. Grasp, who would have been a decent man but for his wife, dares not hurt them, I should have been tempted ere this, to put him in the hands of justice!"

By which we understood honest Job to mean his arms, which had instinctively doubled up into fists.

"If," continued Job, "he puts an old rail in the fence, he charges it against the estate as a new one. Every old nail he drives, every mended window-pane, every loose screw re-screwed home, any old school-book which his own children have already worn out, are set down to, and bear interest against, the orphans, who, when they come of age, will be fortunate if they do not find that besides losing their property, they are in debt several hundred dollars and odd cents to their guardian."

"They must be whipped!" shrieked the woman at the farm-house once more.

"Yes," said Job, as we turned in disgust out of hearing of her voice, "they *must!* What right have they, poor, friendless creatures! to *be* orphans, and have no one to care, no one to feel for them? What right have they, in this great and glorious country, but to be whipped, cheated, plundered, and to be sent adrift, when of age, upon a pitiless world, to work their way as best they can, like poor shipwrecked sailors on a quivering raft, driven hither and yonder by the roaring surge, upon a cold and shoreless sea! But," added Job, pausing in the sun, and giving significance to his words with an impressive gesture, "I say unto you that for all wrongers of the widow and defrauders of the orphan there is a day coming; a *day*—a day!"

The knavery of covetous men is as indisputable as an axiom, and ought to be supposed as a postulatum in business. They are false by a necessity of principle, and want nothing but an occasion to show it. Conscience and covetousness are never to be reconciled; like fire and water, they always destroy each other, according to which predominates.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Science has a vast advantage over art in respect to progress. The cultivator of science may always hope for progression, whereas, in art, the rage for novelty constantly requires that even the most faultless perfection should be superceded by something new, which, of necessity, must be something inferior. Were Phidias, Angelo, and Raphael to revive, they would find that the world has retrograded in statuary, architecture, and painting; but, could Leibnitz and Newton revisit us, they would be amazed at our advances in mathematics and general science.

There is a utilitarian and economical way of considering matters, which was well illustrated by two artizans, when Chantry's bronze statue of George the Fourth was first exhibited. "What a lot of penny pieces all this here copper would have made," said one. "Ah, never mind, Jack," said his companion, pointing at the figure, "it will cost a deal less to keep him than it does to keep the live one."

It is said that there are but three sorts of animals that eat tobacco—the tobacco-worm, the rock-goat, and man. We believe there are certain grasshoppers that eat it when it and they are very young, but they afterwards reject it, either because it gets worse by age or they better. It is not a fact that the grasshoppers consumed a whole crop of tobacco in the West, and sat afterwards upon the road-fence, begging a chew of every passing traveler.

Some pedagogues seem to consider the boys, from whom they gather their harvest, as so much corn, which must be thrashed and knocked about the ears before any grains of sense can be extracted. They think that boys, like syllabubs, are to be raised by whipping. Ships and fishes may make their way when steered by the tail; but, when we attempt to impel youngsters by a similar process, we are apt to retard or turn them out of the right line.

A bad thing put into the mouth has been known to bring a good thing out of it. An epicure, eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, with a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native!—I call it a *settler*, so you need not open any more."

A schoolmaster is a dealer in boys and birch; often an academical tyrant, who first renders his victims intractable by bad treatment, and then treats them worse for being intractable. Cudgel a little jackass as much as you will, if he survive your cruelty, he will end only with being a greater jackass.

An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of a company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, remarked to a physician present, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "Because you always go out without anything in it."

A saw is a sort of dumb alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth. Generally speaking, however, a real alderman is not one of the "wise saws" mentioned by Shakespeare—at least in "modern instances."

We are often asked why it is that so many married women of genius are unhappy in their domestic relations. We presume it can only be because they choose unwisely. What could be expected from the mating of the eagle with a barn-door fowl?

"Wherever I go," said a gentleman remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible and intelligent men from my own State." "No wonder," said the person he was addressing, "for every man of that State, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

It is a rule of the inhabitants of certain islands not to allow a young man to get married till he can cut a sponge at a depth of forty feet. We do not think that a man is fit to be married till he can *cut a sponge* no matter at what distance.

When we see with what extraordinary facility political parties make platforms and abandon them, it occurs to us that they might very appropriately publish such a notice as we occasionally see upon the railroad cars:—"*Passengers are not allowed to stand upon the platform.*"

A partizan canditate in one of the western States, urging his own pretensions to office, boasts that he has been for twenty years the compass of his party. That compass should be well *boxed.*

Our fashionable ladies would seem to be growing smart, for it was never before so hard to *get round them.* They would seem, too, to be growing prudish, for they never before kept the gentlemen *at so great a distance.*

We have a friend who lives exclusively on vegetables. He is quite old enough to have a wife, but his acquaintances despair of his ever getting married unless he can marry a *grass widow.*

Young men cannot too scrupulously avoid bad habits. It is sometimes nearly as difficult for a youth to change a habit, once formed, as it was for Hercules, after putting on the shirt of Nessus, to change his linen.

People are now too diffident by nature, but we know a great many who throw overboard a portion of their modesty, and take in an additional cargo of impudence at every port they touch at in the voyage of life.

Insanity seems catching. An extraordinary number of persons have recently, like the money-market, gone deranged.

A distinguished writer says that "nothing is best achieved by indirection." The workings of a corkscrew would seem to be a refutation of that plausible theory.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara river "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

Scandal is what one-half the world takes great pleasure in inventing, and the other half equal pleasure in believing.

Satire is a glass in which the beholder is sure to see everybody's face except his own.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Some weeks past two cows, affected with malignant carbuncles, were slaughtered at a village in Flanders, and the meat was sold. Persons who ate it were not injured, but the farmer who washed his hands in water tinged with the blood, died within forty-eight hours, and the servant, who had done the same, is in great danger, whilst of two other persons who had assisted in cutting up the animals, one had his arm, and the other a finger amputated, to prevent gangrene.

Captain McKibbon, of Mobile, met his death on board the steamer Col. Clay, in a singular and fearful manner, recently. The steamboat was going down the bay, with the passengers and mails for the Quaker City. Capt. McKibbon was sleeping in a berth, from which he rose and went on the upper deck, and, by some accident, fell over the spot where the crank was at full play, and in a moment his head was severed from his body.

It has been decided by the Court of Appeals of this State, that a railroad passenger must show his ticket to the conductor whenever he asks to see it, and that if the passenger refuses to do so, the conductor may lawfully put him out of the car. This is something which all unreasonable and obstinate people would do well to remember.

The news of the capture of Delhi by the British troops arrived in London the same day with that of the suspension of the New York banks, and completely neutralized the bad effect which the latter was calculated to produce—a most lucky thing for our merchants, and, in fact, for all of us.

A grizzly bear was killed in California, a short time since, which weighed one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight pounds. He was as large as a good-sized ox, and just before he was shot he killed a large and fierce bull (that rushed at him) with one stroke of his paw.

The city sexton of Chicago has been arrested for robbing the graves of the dead, and selling the corpses to medical colleges. Nineteen graves were opened in succession by the authorities, and every one found empty.

A man named Keashan, employed in a paper mill at Troy, N. Y., was caught in the machinery a few days since, and had a hole knocked entirely through his head, and one of his eyes forced from its socket.

A large emigration of working girls from this city to the Western States has been commenced under the management of competent authorities.

It is reported that five hundred United States troops, on their way to Utah, have been slaughtered by the Indians.

A Mr. Strother, a worthy farmer of Clarke county, Indiana, hung himself a short time since, on account of the wayward conduct of a favorite daughter.

It is now pretty certain that we shall have no "bread riots" in New York this winter.

JENNIE AND I.

BY ALICE CARY.

We rise before the lark,
And keep working till dark,
And by striving to do right we are fearless of the wrong;
We never scold and fret,
And we never go in debt,
And that's the way my Jennie and I get along.

Nor lodge, nor servant's hall
Give us any care at all,
No lady's maid or coachman have we to find or lose
And with Jennie on my knee,
And no prying eyes to see,
We can say the things within us, or kiss if we choose.

You might stretch a bishop's sleeve
From our cabin floor to eave,
And counting each treasure, I am free to declare
That a "real India shawl"
Would have cost the price of all,
Yet . and my Jennie have enough and to spare.

From the trembling tongues of trees,
Through the prairies grassy seas,
In the green, growing corn-fields, and beside th' rainy brooks;
In the flowery springtide-prime,
And the Indian summer time,
We have always sweeter poems than poets write in books.

When banks are breaking down,
And disaster like a frown
Weighs down, in the city, on the low and the high.
We have still our cribs and mows,
Our oxen, sheep and cows,
And so we calmly sleep o' nights, my Jennie and I.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—A PREPARATION.

It was very near dark when the Patriot party reached the fort, which they did without meeting any more Indians. The body of Arthur Colton was taken up and brought along, Philip being determined that it should have Christian burial. Our hero's first movement upon entering within the fortifications was to seek his father, whom he found with Colonel Willett. The meeting was a joyful one, and even the stout, daring soldier shed tears under the influence of the deep love and gratitude he saw manifested.

Philip next sought Isabel Carlton. She had heard of his arrival, and was alone in one of the small apartments of the large dwelling. She started forward with a low murmur of thanks as the youth entered, and as her hand rested in his firm grasp, she bowed her head upon his bosom, for her heart was full, and she would hide the deep emotion she knew she could not control. The impulse came upon the young Patriot—he could not withstand it—but with a gentle movement he wound his arms about the fair form, and then pressed it fondly to his wildly throbbing heart.

"Isabel," he murmured in touching, trembling accents, "God has been very kind to us! Oh! may we not hope——"

He hesitated, and might have spoken no more had not the maiden gazed up into his face, with an expression so full of tender love and devotion that there could be no mistaking it. It was a prayerful look, too, and seemed to implore him to speak on.

"Oh! why were we thus preserved?" he resumed, tenderly but eagerly. "May we not hope that the time shall come when our duty and our happiness can be united?"

Again the maiden raised her swimming eyes, and while a flood of prayerful light seemed pouring up from the rich, dark orbs, she whispered—

"God forgive me if I sin in the earnest prayers which my soul sends forth continually. I cannot help it."

"It is no sin! Oh! it cannot be!" cried Philip, with sudden energy. "God never gave to the pure heart a deep, earnest, longing, which was in itself a sin. It is impossible."

"So I have felt," Isabel responded, wiping the tears from her fair cheeks, and throwing back the nut-brown tresses from her full brow. "The soul cannot cling to that which is beautiful and repulsive, nor can the sincere heart pledge an affection for one who is wicked and abandoned. Philip, be my brother now, for as such shall I trust thee with all my heart!"

The youth took both the noble girl's hands within his own, and, while a holy light beamed upon his face, he said—

"I understand thee, Isabel. I will be thy brother; and, I know you will believe me when I say, that my sister has my whole heart, with all its warm, devoted love!"

As he spoke he bent his head, and an eager, wistful look dwelt upon his features. It was a waking smile turned to prayer. Isabel did not hesitate a moment. An electric spark conveyed that prayer to her understanding, and, while an answering smile grew to life upon her own face, she raised her lips, and a warm, ardent kiss sealed forever the pure, unselfish love of the brother and sister.

They had spoken but little, but they understood each other now as well as they could have done had they spent hours in telling their thoughts and feelings. And they were happier, too, than they had been before, though there was still a terrible possibility of evil and of agony before them.

At the request of his father, Philip submitted himself to the care of the surgeon, who found the wound upon his head somewhat suppurated, and slightly inflamed. This was the only local ailment, but there was debility; and before the youth retired, febrile symptoms were apparent. But the old surgeon was competent, and the cure was commenced in season. The poultice which the red medicine-man had applied had been almost miraculous in its effect, for the wound had been a bad one, and yet that one application had removed nearly all the soreness, and suppressed all fever, save what had resulted from exposure since the poultice had been removed.

The suppurated portions of the wound were punctured, and the pus all removed, and then the whole was cleansed and a healing salve applied. On the following morning the patient felt quite strong and well, save a dull pain in the head; but at the earnest advice of the kind surgeon, he remained quiet, Isabel spending a good portion of the day with him.

On the second day of his doctoring, Philip was better still, but at the request of his friends he remained quiet. And thus passed four days, during which he had only walked about the fort, and eaten very light food.

"There," said the surgeon, as he gazed into our hero's face with a satisfied smile, "you are well now. But, had you been left to your own will, you would have been well three days ago, and sick abed now. However, you have obeyed me promptly, and I now assure you that you have escaped a severe fever, which would have asserted its powers in twelve hours from the time I first advised you, had you not been able to grapple with it in its infancy. But, as I said before, you are well now, and you may go at once and see the commandant in his private room."

"What? Does Colonel Willett wish to see me?" asked the youth, eagerly.

"Yes. He has been very eager that I should have you ready as soon as possible. I would not let you know it, for I knew it would make you nervous, and, in all probability, it would have rendered you very disobedient. However, you had better go now."

Without further remark, Philip hastened away to the commandant's quarters, and had the good fortune to find him in and alone, there being only an orderly standing near the door. Willett arose to greet the young man, and an expression of thankful satisfaction overspread his face as he saw how well his visitor looked.

"The surgeon said you would like to see me, sir," the youth remarked, after he had become seated.

"Aye; I should have been pleased if the old man could have sent you to me eight-and-forty hours earlier. But never mind. This will answer very well. Nathan Bradbrook and his son are at work, and I am assured that they have already enlisted many men about Fort Dayton, and so on down the river."

"Ha!" cried Philip, while a buoyant look beamed upon his face; "is it so?"

"So I have been informed by one of my scouts."

"Is the man in the fort now?"

"Yes. I'll send for him. *Orderly!*"

The soldier, who had retired upon our hero's entrance, now returned, and the colonel bade him go and call John Winters. Ere long the scout entered. He was a small, wiry man, with a keen, black eye, and very muscular for one of his size. The colonel introduced him to Philip, and then invited him to be seated.

JOCKO ADMIRING PHILIP LANCEY IN HIS INDIAN DRESS.

"Mr. Winters, we should like to hear how you gained your information concerning Bradbrook," said the commandant.

"Oh—I got it straight enough, no mistake about that," returned the hunter, for a hunter he had been: "Down to the Flats I seed one o' his men—a lean, frog-eatin' lookin' customer—who pulled the wool over the eyes of all such as could be made to believe the King of England was a bigger man nor George Washington. I fell in with him, an' kind o' tooted for the cussed old king a bit. At that he opens one eye, an' sez he, 'Mebbe you're out?' 'Out?' sez I: 'What's *out?*' 'Why,' sez he, 'I mean, p'r'aps, you're one on us?' 'I'm half-a-dozen, an' one to spare, whar I takes a noshun,' sez I. 'Ef you're for King George, say so, an' I'll gin ye my hand.' Mind ye, I didn't tell him *how* I'd gin it to him.

"Howsumever, I wormed it out of him that he was working for Nathan Bradbrook, an' that the old man hisself would be thar in the evenin', ready to inspect his men. I couldn't find out whar they was to meet, nor nothin' about it, only that the men was a-comin' in for the king, an' that 'twas all right."

"Did you learn the man's name?" asked Philip.

"Yes. His name was Fuller—Bank Fuller, he said."

"I know him," the youth resumed, with a dubious shake of the head. "A tall, slim fellow, with hair the color of flax, and features to match."

"Yes—only allowin' for a little mildew on the bark," suggested Winters. "But he's yer man."

"If he was there, and at work, that is enough," remarked Philip. "He is one of Nathan Bradbrook's right hand men, and as great a villain as is his employer. But do you know where he has been at work?"

"Well, all around the lot—up an' down the river, from the Flats to the Little Bend."

"Did he say whether others were at work?"

"No. He was shy of me. Ye see I wouldn't promise all he wanted—I couldn't make up my mouth to do it—so he was stingy of his information; and when he found 'at I wouldn't j'ine him, he stopped right short off."

Nothing more could be gained of the scout, and he was dismissed.

"Now, what say you?" asked the colonel, after Winters had gone: "What do you think of it?"

"I'll tell you," replied Philip, promptly, "if you'll furnish the men to capture the Tories, I'll lead them on to the work."

"But how many will you want with you at first?"

"Oh—none. I shall take only my trusty black. I shall find out the rendezvous of the serpents, and then come for help."

"And be sure you shall have it, Philip," said the colonel, gratefully. "You may make your own arrangements, and issue your own orders; and you may start as soon as you please."

"I shall start at once; and while I am getting ready, I want you to write me a pass. Write it to pass the Mohawk chief, *Kanadandagea*, in bodily safety, and exempt from all examination, by any picket, or other line, under charge of the Patriot forces. Be careful and make it explicit."

"But are you in earnest?" asked Willett, gazing into the young man's face in surprise and doubt.

"Most surely I am."

"But Kanadandagea is one of the most bitter and blood-thirsty enemies we have."

"Never mind. I assure you, upon my honor, that such a pass will be of vast benefit to all concerned. The young chieftain is not what he was. He has become changed wondrously."

"Really, Philip,——"

"But, my dear colonel, why need you hesitate? Do not commence thus early in the work to give me——"

"Stop. You shall have it. Go and make your preparations, and when you return the pass shall be ready."

"And mind that you keep the fact to yourself," the youth said.

"Yes. Fear not."

With this Philip went away; and having found Jocko, he gave him instructions to prepare for a journey. "We shall meet Kanadandagea on the trail," he said.

"Hi-yak-yak!" uttered the negro, with a huge grin; and in a few moments more he was about the work.

Philip saw Isabel; and when he had told her his errand, she asked that God might bless him.

"But," she said, after the subject of the danger attendant upon the enterprise had been disposed of, "suppose Nathan Bradbrook and—and—Guy should be with them."

The youth gazed into Isabel's face for some moments without speaking. He had not yet informed her of the part the father and son were playing in the proceedings he was preparing to interrupt; but, after pondering a while, he said:

"My sister, I will tell you that which I had meant to keep from you. Nathan Bradbrook and his son are the prime movers in the enlistment of these Tory recruits. They are the ones who are doing the work."

The maiden started as she received this intelligence, and a cloud rested upon her fair brow.

"Philip," she at length returned, in a low, thrilling tone, "I would not have harm come to Guy Bradbrook by your hand for world's! Oh! do not blame me!"

"Blame thee, sweet sister!" he said, gazing tenderly into her upturned face: "Oh, no! I love thee the better for that spirit which makes thee feel so. But let me here, and now, give to thee an assurance which may be with thee while the need of it exists: There is but one contingency within the bounds of my present understanding under which I would do him harm; and that is—the saving of a better life. Were it necessary, in order to save my father's life, or to save your life, or my own, to slay him, I should do it if I could. But under no other circumstances could I be induced to do it. I would flee from him in order to avoid a conflict, even at the expense of being thought a coward. Were I to meet him upon the field of battle, I would avoid him by every means in my power. No, no, Isabel, you need have no fear on that account. How I shall avoid direct contact with him on the present project I have not determined. I think Guy will not be present at the first one, and perhaps neither of them. But should they, or either of them, be present, and taken with the rest, I should probably let them escape. But I would not do this were it not that I should expect thereby to use them as decoys to other gangs of Tories. However, I cannot yet decide fully upon what I may do. Circumstances must govern me. Yet, Isabel, you can trust to my own feelings on the subject, for you now know what they are."

"I will entertain no more uneasiness, my dear brother," the maiden said, in a tone too frank and earnest for the expression of a forced feeling. "I have the most perfect confidence in your good judgment. Go—God be with you! Our country needs your services! And," she said, reaching up and placing her hands upon the youth's shoulders, while the frankness of her tone varied not, "if, in the discharge of your duty, you feel called upon to do that which, under other circumstances, we might not wish done, be sure I shall not blame you; but I will rather sustain you by my countenance and good will."

Philip blessed the generous girl, and having bade her an affectionate adieu, he turned away and sought his servant, whom he found ready and waiting, with both horses all caparisoned. Jocko had that same bundle which he brought in from the expedition preceding his master's captivity, and which we saw them open on that occasion. Many of the inmates of the fort had desired to know what the mysterious bundle contained, but the negro had been strictly silent upon the subject. He only shook his head when the question was asked, and replied: "Sumf'n for Mas'r. No bizness mine—*nor yourn!*"

The old clock which stood in Willett's room, and which had been bestowed upon the fort by General Schuyler himself, was just striking three as our hero and his sable follower rode out from the fort. The soldiers knew that some important work was at hand, though what it might be they could not conceive. And then that strange bundle puzzled them exceedingly.

Ah—it was to puzzle others more still. It was to more than puzzle—vastly more.

CHAPTER XXI.

STRANGE COMPANY FOR A PATRIOT.

Philip Lancey took his way down the river, and rode on at a brisk trot until he reached the place where a Patriot farmer's house had been burned down, and devastation stamped upon all around. Here Jocko took the lead, and led the way to the left into the deep wood, first crossing a piece of low meadow, the atmosphere of which was foul and miasmatic from the putrefying carcasses of cattle that had been slain by the scourging Tories. The negro followed a narrow, winding path for a short distance, and then dismounted and led his horse through some thick brushwood where it would have been impossible to have ridden. Of course Philip followed his example, though he could not work through the tangled mass so easily as his ape-like servant did. Yet he got through, and soon found himself upon the edge of a small brook. Into this they led their animals, and thus followed the shoal stream up a distance of many rods.

When Jocko stopped it was by a small hut built of logs and boughs, and so hidden beneath the protecting arms of giant trees, and the network of vines and creeping bushes, that no man could find it, save those who knew its locality. Who erected it, or for what purpose it was done, no one knew. A negro, belonging to the man who had owned the farm over which the two had just passed, had found it about a year before, and had kept it to himself until the coming of the Tories and Indians upon his master's family, and then he made his escape with two of the children to this place. He could do no more. He led Jocko to the strange retreat on the occasion of the latter's return from Mark Waldridge's; and having given him the benefit of the knowledge he—the farmer's servant—had taken the two children and made his way down the river towards Albany.

Philip was deeply interested by the peculiarities of the place. The hut was small and tight, none of the late rains having found any entrance, and its position defied the search of the uninitiated. Not only was it shut in from the sight of any one who might be half-a-dozen yards distant, but such was the nature of the tangled wildwood that environed it that no path had been made to it, nor was there even a trail which could be followed.

"What's mas'r t'ink ob dis?" asked Jocko, with sparkling eyes.

"I think it is a snug place, Jocko. Surely no one could ever find us here."

"I reckon not, mas'r. An' mind ye, you an' I is de only two 'at knows anyt'ing 'bout um. Quashy hab gone 'way, an' he nebber tole nobody but me. But you haint heer'd all yet. 'Taint only haff a mile, rite 'cross ober here, to de Flats. Only a few rods rite straight ahead is a good path rite on to de settlement."

Philip knew that he could not be far from the Flats, but he did not think he was so near. But now he saw the full value of this strange place. Here Jocko could quarter; and here he himself could flee in case of need.

"An' now," resumed Jocko, "jus' you come wid me a little way, an' I show you a grave."

The young man followed his attendant out through a difficult way, and at the distance of some twenty or thirty yards he came to a spot where the ground had been recently removed, and bore the appearance of a grave.

"Dar, mas'r, is whar I buried de Mohawk chief, Kanadandagea. I had a mitey tuff hug on't, now, you'd better b'lebe. My salvation ob Jerusalem! how de redskin did tare an' scratch. I t'ink you seed my clo's war torn an' bloody when I cum home."

"Yes," returned Philip, now deeply interested; for, though he had been told that the deed was done, yet he knew not the particulars, Jocko having promised to explain them when they should go and see where he had the fight.

"Well—now I tell ye how it wur did. Ye see I fust see de redskin chief 'way up de ribber, de oder side ob de fort. He wur alone, an' comin' dis way. He wur a comin' to see some ob de Tories dis way. De minnit I sot my eyes on him I wonder at how much he look like you, mas'r. Why—he look for all de world so much like you dat only de color ob de skin war wantin' to do de work. Jus' your height—jus' your bigness—jus' your walk—jus' your make ob face—an', jus' you in ebery possible way 'cept de skin. He wur called the handsomest Injun ob de Mohawk nashun; an' I t'ink he wur. An' den I know'd you could talk de Mohawk tongue jus' like a native. When all dese t'ings pass fro' my mind my 'termination wur tuk rite off. I follered his trail, for he got ahead ob me, an' cotched him here. He wur on his way to help in raisin' Tories somehow; I know'd he wur de wust enemy de Patriots hab any way—wuss nor Brant, 'cause he more savage. When I come up wid him I dropped rite onto him, an' we had it for a spell, no mistake. But I fixed him arter a while, an' when I'd stripped him I made a hole an' put his body dar, an' fotched his clo's an' weapons to you."

"I remember him very well," said Philip; "and I know how very nearly he resembled me in form and feature. The wise ones of his own people know that there is white blood in his veins. His mother stopped with Sir William Johnson some time, and it is not to be wondered at that she was corrupted. Kanadandagea, unlike most half-breeds, kept the full darkness of his people, and gained the form and features of the English. I do not suppose there were ever any twins who looked more alike in this latter respect than did the young chieftain and myself."

"Dat's so, for sartin," responded Jocko. "An' now," he added, taking the mystic bundle upon his knee, "we must go at work if you wants to be amongst 'em to-night."

Philip assented to this, and Jocko proceeded to untie the bundle. First he took out a finely finished tomahawk, and next an elaborately wrought belt of wampum, to which was attached a leathern sheath with a large scalping-knife in it. Then came a sort of tiara of wampum and eagle's feathers; next a shirt of fine blue cloth, richly trimmed and ornamented with gold and silver lace; then a sort of vest of red cloth, to be worn under the shirt; then a pair of rich purple drawers; and so on, until the whole of the Mohawk's wardrobe was laid out.

After this Jocko produced a large phial, in which was a fine powder, of a brownish color, and having brought a vessel of water from the brook, he soon produced a dye which would give to the skin the color of the Indian. Philip submitted to the application of the fluid, and ere long Jocko leaped up and clapped his hands for joy.

"Hi-yak-yak! By de holy wall ob Jerusalem! My eyes, mas'r, but Missa Bella 'd' nebber know ye! De berry mudder dat bore de Mohawk Kanadandagea would hug ye, an' kiss ye, an' swar ye wur her own son!"

Philip knew that Jocko would not say this if he did not think so; and he furthermore knew that his companion had as good a judgment and as keen an observation as any man he had ever seen.

As soon as the dye was set in its color our hero proceeded to don the garments of the dead chieftain. They fitted him to a nicety, and he could see that they were far from unbecoming. They showed off his fine, muscular frame to good advantage, and then their showiness of ornament was not unattractive.

Jocko gazed into his master's face a while, and then he walked slowly around him, and surveyed him from top to toe. When he had finished the circuit, and had taken another long look at the now dusky features, he brought his hands together with a sort of explosive movement, and, in a tone to match, he uttered,—

"'Taint no use. You is Injun, mas'r, an' no mistake. I wanted to say sumth'n, but it can't be did. You is—you is—Kanadandagea, an' nobody else in dis world! Dat am a fac'!"

At all events, Philip was so well satisfied with his metamorphosis that he was resolved to try its efficacy. So it was arranged that this should be the place of meeting, and here Jocko was to hold himself in readiness to obey any call, though he was to hang about his master when the latter was in positions of danger.

Our hero hung his heavy tomahawk to its becket, and having assured himself that all was right, he followed Jocko from the hut. The guide gained the brook by the same way he had come, but from here he kept straight on to the eastward, and in fifteen minutes they were upon the edge of an open clearing, and the tops of the buildings could be seen in the distance.

"There, Jocko, you need go no further. I will be at this point some time between midnight and morning, but probably not far from twelve o'clock. I can find the way to here easily enough, though I might not be able to gain the hut alone."

"I'll be here, mas'r. Now you be keerful, won't ye? Mind yer tongue; hold yer head straight; ye ain't Philip Lancey now. Ye're a Mohawk chief—ye've been missin' over a week—been off to see some of yer own friends."

"I understand," responded the youth, with a smile; and having promised to be very careful he turned toward the village and started on.

Surely no mortal eye could have detected the white man in that guise. The straight, powerful form had all the grace of the untrammeled son of the forest, and the long, straight black hair, which Jocko had shaved from the dead chief's head and worked into a wig, helped to dispel any possibility of deception. And then the war-paint, the original figures of which the workman had copied from the face of his victim, completely hid any little lack which might possibly have been left after the application of the mere skin-color.

The "village" to which we have alluded was so called because there was a store and nine dwellings all within the space of half-a-mile square. But then it was in the midst of quite a populous region, and many Tories were known to be among the inhabitants. Philip had brought his own long cloak, or rather one which he had borrowed from an officer of the fort; and in addition to this he had a light felt hat which could be readily doubled up and stowed away out of sight. The sun was just sinking behind the trees when he and Jocko emerged from the wood, so that it was quite dark by the time he reached the settlement. He waited in a small thicket just upon the outskirts of the place until night had fairly set in, and then, drawing the ample cloak over his shoulders, thus concealing the whole body, and placing the hat upon his head, he started on again.

The youth had learned from the scout, at the fort, that one of the chief Tories of this place was a middle-aged man named Alfred Magoon. He was the store-keeper, and quite an important personage in the town. Upon him, then, Philip meant first to call. He found the store, and saw that it was open; and having gained a favorable position he looked in. There were three men within, but as they lounged outside of the counter the youth readily concluded that the owner was not one of them. The only person behind the bar was a boy of some fourteen years. Philip knew Magoon by sight, having traded at the store several times a year or two before; and as this boy resembled him, the young Patriot supposed him to be a son of the keeper. He might have tried to get a view of the faces of the three men, who all sat very nearly back to him, but their positions were evidence enough that they were only visitors, so the adventurer turned towards the dwelling, which joined the store on one end.

There was a light in one of the front rooms, and Philip was sure he heard a man's voice. He knocked at the door, and his summons was answered by a female domestic.

"Is Mr. Magoon in?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't think he is," returned the girl, hesitatingly, and with some tremor, for Philip had not forgotten the Indian idiom.

"But me think he is," persisted the caller. "Go tell him a friend from the North would speak to him."

The girl disappeared, and ere long a man, with a candle in his hand, made his appearance, and carefully approached the door. Philip could see that he carried a pistol in his hand.

"Who are you, sir?" the host asked.

"A friend to him who is a friend to me," returned the visitor, who had recognized the man before him as Mr. Magoon.

"And what seek you here?"

"To learn how goes the work on."

"You are not an Oneida spy?"

"Spy? Me a spy? But me have been spy. Aye—me spy the Rebel pale-face at Fort Schuyler."

The host hesitated a few moments, and then bade the visitor follow him. He turned as he spoke, and Philip entered and closed the front door behind him, and then followed on. Magoon led the way to a rear apartment—then up stairs—then around back to the front of the house, and entered a room directly over the one in which the youth had seen the light. There was a lamp burning here, but the wooden shutters were closed, so that no ray of light could find egress.

The disguised Patriot started when he entered the chamber, but his sudden emotion was not perceptible. He saw, directly before him, *Nathan Bradbrook and Guy!*—and a third visitor, also, whom he recognized as Mr. Bank Fuller.

For a few moments there was a sense of dread lurking about the youth's heart. He knew his disguise was deep, but then it had not yet been tried, and its first ordeal must be under the eyes of the two men whom, of all the earth, he had most cause to fear. But the emotion was quickly gone. He had put on the harness, and he would not now back down. He forgot that he was a white man, and felt only that he was a Mohawk war-chief.

"Ah—who is this?" cried the elder Bradbrook, starting to his feet.

"He says he is a friend," returned Magoon.

"Who are you?" the old Tory demanded, turning to the new-comer.

The youth threw off the hat, and let the cloak fall from his shoulders, and as his noble form stood revealed in the lamp-light Nathan Bradbrook sprang forward and caught him by the hand.

"KANADANDAGEA!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Why—where on earth have you been? We had given you up for dead. But say—where have you been?"

"Kanadandagea!" echoed the host.

"Kanadandagea!" iterated Guy.

The Indian shook hands all around, and then took a seat.

"Now, chief, do let us know where you have been," the elder Bradbrook urged.

"It would be a long story to tell," the youth returned, whose acquaintance with Kanadandagea enabled him to imitate him very nearly. "But most of the time I spent around the fort above here. I picked off three of their scouts, and gathered some information."

"But why did you venture so long alone, and so near the enemy?"

"Ugh! Me no afraid! Me want information. My brother's son was killed, too, and I waited three days and three nights for his murderer. My hatchet was unslung, and my scalping-knife sharp. I saw the moon fall away to a horn in the morning, but I found not the white murderer."

"And what information did you gain?"

"Good! The Rebels are on the wrong trail. They know you are at work—that somebody is at work—raising men for the king; but they think the work is doing in the South, and they will send their soldiers there."

"That is good," cried Nathan Bradbrook. "But," he added, in a more sober tone, "have you heard anything of Big Mountain Ash and his party?"

"I met them—let me see—six days ago, I think, in the woods north-west of the fort, and they had with them a young white man—Philip—Philip—a—something was his other name——"

"Lancey," said Nathan.

"O—yes. Me forget. They had him. He had just run away."

"Run away?" cried the old Tory, in alarm.

"Run away!" gasped the young Tory, clenching his fist.

"O—they had got him again. He slipped off his irons in the night, and run a little way."

"Well—what was the chief going to do with him then?"

"Why—he told me he was to have much gold for putting the white youth under the ground!"

"Ah—yes—yes. And did he say who had offered him the money?"

"He told me."

"He did? He told you? Told you the man's name?"

"Yes. He said it was——"

"Ah—a—never mind now who it was. It is of no consequence."

"But," said the disguised youth, patronizingly, "you should be not at all ashamed of that. Why—it was your duty, if what you tell the red man is true, to put such a young snake of a Rebel out of the way."

"Well," resumed the old reprobate, overcoming his perturbation by a strong effort, "it's out now, and can't be helped. But Philip Lancey was a dangerous reptile in the way of our holy cause. With his own hand he slew the only brother of the Big Ash, and also another relative of that chief. But this is not all. He had taken a most solemn oath that he would have the lives of myself and my son if he had to wade through a sea of even infant's blood to do the deed! Those were his own words. And more still: He came at night and stole away my son's wife, and swore he would wreak his vengeance upon her! Do you wonder that, when I found that the chief had him, I wished to have him put out of the way?"

"My soul, no!" gasped Magoon, shuddering.

"Why—I should think you would have run him through yourself the moment you saw him!" exclaimed Kanadandagea, emphatically.

"So I should, only I could not bear the thought of having the blood of so mean and contemptible a scoundrel upon my hands! But do you think he was killed?"

"I will tell you what I heard: Big Mountain Ash said he was going direct to a glen by the shore of the lake, there to kill and scalp him."

"Then he must be gone safe enough under the dirt by this time," very beautifully expressed Master Guy.

"But come. It is near nine o'clock," interposed the host; "We must be off."

"Ah—yes," replied Nathan Bradbrook. "And you must go with us, Kanadandagea."

"Where is it?" the latter asked.

"A meeting of our new friends. Come—I will show you a place which I think even an Indian could not find without assistance."

"I should like to see such a place; but I should like to see new friends to our good cause better. I would give my belt of wampum to see a thousand of them to-night."

"That's the true spirit," responded Nathan, approvingly. "But we can't show you quite that number, though you shall see a part of them. Come."

And, in a few moments more, Philip Lancey, with the two bitterest enemies he had in the world,—one at each elbow, while Magoon led the way—was being conducted, with smiles and compliments, to behold a strange place, full of new-made Tories!

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO NIGHTS WITH THE TORIES.

After a tedious walk of over an hour, the party had been led by Mr. Magoon to the foot of a rocky ledge, or cliff, about which grew a few stunted trees, and having passed in behind a large boulder which stood out separate from the general mass, the guide stopped, and drew a small whistle from his pocket. Upon this he blew a sharp, shrill call, which very nearly resembled the chirp of a bird. It was not very loud, but with an agreeable tone, and with peculiar modulations. In a few seconds a like sound seemed to issue from the rock. Then Magoon blew again, this time giving three distinct pipes, and ending with a prolonged trill.

After this all was still for a few moments, and then a man made his appearance with a small lantern in his hand. He appeared to come directly out from the rock; but when Philip arrived at the place, he found the fissure in the face of the ledge some two feet wide. This was entered, and it led to a point where an abrupt closing of the ledge shut it entirely up. But the man with the lantern did not think of making his way through solid granite. He turned to the left, where a thick mass of vines ran up and covered the face of the wall, and having pulled these away, he passed in out of sight. Magoon followed next, and then came Philip's turn. The man who went in ahead of him was holding the vines aside for him, so all he had to do was to clamber into a hole some three feet in diameter, which feat he accomplished quite easily. This curious entrance took an abrupt turn to the right at the distance of a few feet, and presently our hero found himself within a cavern large enough to hold five hundred men with ease. The form was irregular, and though the young Patriot could feel a current of fresh air, yet he could not see out beyond the inner surface of the rock.

There were forty-four men present when Philip entered, counting the man who had led them in as one. They sat, some of them, upon rough wooden benches, some upon short blocks sawed from logs, while others found handy seats upon the projecting lumps of rock. There were six lanterns lighted in various parts of the cave, but they did not give light enough to enable Philip to distinguish the features of those present; yet several of them came towards him as he entered, and called him familiarly by the Indian name he had assumed. He knew them not, but he greeted them kindly, and it all passed off well.

In fifteen minutes twelve more had entered, making in all sixty, not including Philip. The guards were set—one at the large boulder before mentioned; one in the narrow fissure, and one at the narrow entrance within the cave. Mr. Bank Fuller presided, and sent a man around with a lantern to examine every one present. The result of the examination was favorable, and the business was proceeded with.

Nathan Bradbrook informed those assembled that every man who did his duty faithfully would not only stand a good chance of being promoted to important offices, but they would also be sure of a noble pension when the war was over. He even assured them that when they were released from service, there would be a pension settled upon them sufficient to supoort them for the rest of their lives.

The old wretch further informed them that there were two more bands organized down the river—one only twelve miles down, and the other nearly twenty. They would be ready to march and join the army in a week or two.

Various speeches were made, and much business done, the chief result of all which was, that arms and ammunition should be in the cave on the second night from the then present time. It was now Wednesday night; they must meet again on Friday night, then and there, to take their arms and accoutrements, and march for Johnstown, where the Tories were to form into a brigade.

It was just midnight when the meeting broke up, and the members began to file out by pairs, as it had been arranged that not more than from two to four should be together. Nathan Bradbrook and Guy passed out first, and after them went the disguised Patriot and Magoon, Fuller taking the liberty of following immediately after.

Philip was in a dilemma. He must see Jocko some way, and yet he knew of no excuse he could make for being absent. He dared not refuse Magoon's invition to stop with him, so he resolved to trust to fortune.

"We sleep on the ground so many years, it is very bad to sleep high up in the air—in white man's high rooms," he said to his host, after they had reached the house.

"We can easily fix that," returned Magoon. "I have a little bedroom right on the ground, which I had intended to let you have."

"Thank you," answered the youth. "Make no trouble for me at all; only when I am put up high I can't sleep. You mebbe think me foolish, but I think the air different I breathe. Not so heavy nor so pure."

Mr. Magoon was aware there should be a difference, and he should think one who had been so long in the habit of sleeping on the ground would feel it.

Very shortly after the party arrived at the house, they prepared to retire. The room to which our hero was conducted was on the ground floor, in a small L which made out in the rear of the building, and had but one window. His host bade him good night, and then left him.

Philip threw off his outer garments, and then blew out the light, which had been left with him. He waited nearly an hour before he felt it safe to move. Then he arose and noiselessly opened his window, and gazed around out of doors. The way was clear and plain, and no fences to climb. He fastened his door upon the inside, put on his outer shirt, or frock, and then made his way carefully out by the window. He could see no light in the house, nor could he hear any sound of any one's moving. Thus assured, he glided from the yard, gained the road, and then walked off with long, quick strides. He reached the place where he had left Jocko, and there the faithful fellow was, ready for anything, as usual.

"A little late," said the master, "but work enough to make up for it. Come. Follow me."

The two started back over the route Philip had just come, and on the way the latter told to his attendant all that had transpired. Jocko was delighted almost beyond bounds with the thought that he should have the duty to perform of guiding a company of Patriot troops on an important expedition.

Our hero kept on until he had reached the great boulder by the ledge, and having conducted Jocko into the fissure, he explained to him all the particulars of the cave.

"And now," said he, "Colonel Willett must have a company of seventy-five men, at least, here on Friday night. He may have more if he pleases. They must approach this place about ten o'clock—not before—and mind and not alarm the outer sentinel."

At this point Philip explained to his follower the positions of the guard, and informed him that the Patriots would have to approach the ledge from the South, and use some stratagem to overcome the outer sentinel without noise, as they could then gather about the entrance without any alarm.

"De sentry walks about here, don't he?" asked Jocko, after having examined the nature of the rocky crags above him.

"Yes."

"Den you jus' leave him to me. I'll drap onto him like a hog onto a wood-snake."

Philip knew that Jocko would do the work if he attempted it, so he felt easy on that score.

"There is one thing more," he resumed, "and of much importance, too. The two Bradbrooks and myself must be permitted to escape, and I see no way in which it can be done, save to entrust my secret to the leader of the detachment. The colonel may know of one whom he can trust. You will see that he is particular on this point."

Jocko promised, and the two then turned their steps back—the youth going over with his instructions again, and adding such hints as suggested themselves to his mind. When they reached the settlement, the master turned towards the house of the trader, while the servant kept on towards the wood. Philip reached his bed-room without having disturbed any one, and threw himself upon his bed to catch a few hours of sleep.

Meanwhile Jocko led his horse from the thicket, and, having reached the open path, he mounted and dashed off for the fort.

It was quite late when Mr. Magoon arose, and when he called at the door of his dusky guest, he found him up and dressed. After breakfast, the elder Bradbrook informed our hero that he should like to have him accompany himself and son down the river to another meeting. Of course Philip agreed, and after breakfast a horse was procured for the seeming chief, and they set forth, Mr. Bank Fuller remaining behind to operate in that neighborhood during the day.

"There can be no doubt that Philip Lancey is dead ere this," remarked Guy, as the three rode along together over a good road.

"Of course not," responded the old man. "The Big Ash would not let him go. What do you think?"

"Why," returned our hero, to whom this last remark was addressed, "that chief was not the man to break his word. If the young man lives, it must have been a wonderful event that saved him. But I should not be afraid to wager my life that his scalp is now in the possession of a red-skin. It must be so."

"Of course it must," echoed the old man.

"But why don't the chief bring the scalp along," suggested Guy, who seemed to have some doubts upon the subject. "He has had time enough, certainly."

"O—there may be many things to prevent him," said the father. "He may not be sure of finding us."

"But we told him we would be at the Flats one week. What could he want more than that?"

"Yes—I know, my son; but then you must remember that there may be danger in his way, or he may have hit upon some important work. He knows the scalp will keep."

Still Guy was not satisfied. He said he should believe Philip Lancey was dead when he saw the scalp, and not before.

"I tell you," he continued, "You don't know when to trust these In——"

He stopped short, and cast a quick glance into the red man's face.

"Go on, go on," said the latter, with a smile. "Express your thoughts freely. Do not let my presence be a restraint upon the flowing of your indignation, even if it falls upon my poor people."

"I was hasty," admitted Guy, with a gulp of pride. "But yet some Indians, like many white men, will deceive."

"But let me assure you, on the forfeit of my very life, that the Big Mountain Ash will not, cannot break his word!" asserted Philip, sternly and confidently.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for we all know that the Red Eagle is a man whose honor is true."

Philip bowed to the compliment, for he was well aware that he whose guise he had assumed had borne the name of the "*Red Eagle*," and presently he asked—

"Did I understand you to say that Philip Lancey had run away with your wife?"

"Yes—a—just the same as my wife. We were to have been married on the very day he stole her away."

"I should think the girl would make her way back to you."

"Ah—the villain had contrived, by his fiendish arts, to set the maiden against me! That is the worst of it."

Red Eagle gave utterance to a subdued "ugh," and after this the trio rode on for some distance in silence, nor was anything more of consequence said until they arrived at the place where they were to stop. It was upon the outskirts of quite a settlement, and the house was hidden from the little village by a belt of timber. A middle-aged man, named Gammon, came out and embraced Nathan Bradbrook very cordially. Then he turned to Guy, and then to our hero.

"What?—Kanadandagea? Why—I heard you were certainly dead!"

"Not quite, my white brother," returned Philip, who had dismounted.

"I am glad to see you—really glad. Walk right in."

The young Patriot had by this time gained a confidence in the impenetrability of his disguise, which added vastly to his comfort, if it did not assist in his easy deportment.

The day was spent in making arrangements for the coming work, and in visiting some of the timid ones. The Red Eagle promised that he would bring into the field every man he had under him; and when asked how many he thought he could bring, replied—

"I can assure you of one thing: When you are assembled at Johnstown, I will pledge myself to bring as many red men as you do of white men, unless, mind you, some accident, which I do not now anticipate, should prevent."

This was received with much pleasure by the Tories and the chief was regarded with more favor than ever.

When evening came, our hero was conducted away from the settlement, through a piece of woods, to a small farm-house some two miles off. This house, or hut, was of logs, and had a small barn attached. Behind this barn the ground was descending, and in one place was a bank some six feet high, and sloping at an angle of about forty-five to fifty degrees. An old woman made her appearance at the door of the hut, with a candle in her hand, and asked what was wanted.

"We want some cider, good sir," answered Nathan.

"*Cider?—Sir?* Cider at this time, and sir to a woman?"

"But neither so odd as the place where you will conduct us."

"Right!"

"Good!"

After this quaint system of challenging had been gone through with, the woman, who proved to be a man, however, and no less a personage than Master Sam Dowder, turned back into the cot, and sent out a boy with a lantern, who led the way into the shed—thence to the barn, and through this to the bank in the rear. All along upon the slope of this bank grew tall, rank weeds, and at a point where they were the thickest, the boy stopped and poked them away. Among them he found a trap-door, three feet square, which was covered with green sod, and could not have been detected, even upon close examination, by one ignorant of its whereabouts. Thus was a passage opened which led to an underground chamber some thirty feet square by nine or ten deep. The present proprietor, who was a rank Tory, had bought the place of the original proprietor two years before. He found no cellar under the house, and thinking it would be cheaper to dig one into the sand-bank, and wall it with logs, than to dig under the building, he did so. When he had fairly commenced it, the thought occurred to him that it might come handy at some time to have such a place for refuge, so he enjoined his family to secrecy, and worked on. The result was quite a spacious chamber under ground, and he now had it in his power to accommodate the servants of the king with a safe place of secret meeting.

"We are pretty well supplied with unfindable council-chambers, eh?" said the old man, after his dusky companion had gazed around upon the stout logs of which the walls were composed.

"Yes—surely," replied the chief: "Very good—very good, indeed. You can't be afraid here."

"Oh, no. No danger of the rascally Rebels finding us. We'll astonish 'em before a great while. We'll burn every Rebel house in the Mohawk Valley, and your people shall have plunder enough."

The red man expressed a due amount of gratitude, and just then Sam Dowder entered and announced that every man of the party had duly passed his post. So the guards were set, and the business was taken up.

There were seventy-nine men present besides the trio who had come from the Flats; most of them farmers, and stout, able men. Mr. Dowder took the "chair," which, in this instance, bore a close resemblance to a huge tub with the bottom upward.

Nathan Bradbrook informed the assembly of the success of their labors ten miles above, and also told them of the Red Eagle's offer to furnish as many Indians as they could raise of white men. This was not exactly as the Red Eagle had made his offer, though it answered well enough, and helped to raise the chief in the estimation of those present.

The great mass of the talking done was upon the subject of the "Righteous King;" the "Mother Country;" the "Bloody," "Rascally," Villainous," and "Renegade Rebels," etc. But the result of the business deliberations was, that they should meet at that place on Monday evening, then and there to receive their arms and accoutrements. After this the meeting was broken up, and the members departed, full of love for the "king," and burning with hatred of the "Villainous Rebels," who would "change the form of government into a system of petty sovereignties, which would war upon each other continually."

Half an hour later Philip was on his way back to Mr. Magoon's, in company with Nathan Bradbrook and his son, which place they reached at one o'clock in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Oh! for the love of God, Mr. Dennis, give me something to do or I shall die of hunger, just as my sister died."

These words were spoken by a desolate-looking creature, a girl of about eighteen years of age, who had just entered the shop of a kind-hearted but poor tailor.

The good little gentleman looked compassionately upon the girl, and although he could'nt think of anything about which he could make her really useful to him, he promised to give her employment.

"But the first thing you must do," said he, coming round the counter, and taking the cold hands of the poor girl kindly in his, "is to come into the breakfast-room and let my wife give you some breakfast."

"Oh! thank you, sir," replied the girl; her eyes glistening like those of a half-famished animal that has suddenly found a bone. She gladly went with Mr. Dennis into his comfortable family room.

Leaving her to the care of his wife the tailor returned to his shop, where he had left a customer standing until the wants of the poor petitioner were in a way of being relieved. Some men would have operated in a reversed direction. But Mr. Dennis lost nothing by his eager kindness. The gentleman who had witnessed it resolved that from that hour all his patronage, and as much more as he could influence, should belong to Mr. Dennis. He had just made his resolution when the tailor returned, and, with a slight excuse for not sooner attending to his customer, said:

"But I know you will excuse me when I inform you that that girl is in almost a starving condition; that her sister did actually starve to death, last week; and that her father cut his own throat from desperation, caused by poverty and utter inability to obtain employment."

The gentleman to whom this shocking tale was told expressed the most unqualified horror at the idea of such a tragedy taking place in a city abounding in wealth.

"Why, 'tis enough to bring down the curse of God on our entire population," he said, aghast. "But tell me more of this poor girl."

"Well, I was about to tell you that her father, mother and sister and herself came over from England about three years ago. They were unfortunate from their first arrival, for the most of their small store of money was taken from them; and sickness set in so that all that was left soon disappeared. The mother managed in one way and another to keep along; and by-and-by the girls got able to help a little. Then the father's health returned; and, although they always seemed unlucky about obtaining employment, yet until these hard times set in they were enabled to keep themselves above actual want. Then as the pinch began, one thing after another was sold until there was not a bed or a bed-blanket left in the house. Every means of obtaining employment had been vainly tried; and when the landlord of the place where they lived sent them word that unless they could pay their rent on the morrow, they must 'march,' the heart of the father broke; and when the light of the next morning streamed in at the windows of his comfortless home, he was found lying in his own blood, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The razor with which he had done the desperate deed was still clenched in his hand; and his eyes were wide open, but dimmed by death. Before noon the eldest daughter died of hunger and cold; and but for the late kindness of neighbors, the mother and this girl would soon have followed. This, sir, is one story, and but one, of those which we city folks are often obliged to hear."

The gentleman who was addressed now turned to the girl that had just made her appearance—

"Should you like to go, with your mother, to a home in the country?" said he.

"Oh! yes, sir—very much; my poor mother longs to be away from this dreadful city. But how can we go?"

"I will take you home with me, if your mother will allow my wife to keep you to help her do her work. We will pay you fair wages, and will board your mother, free of cost, until she can find something to do for her own support."

Tears of joy sprang to the eyes of the poor girl.

"May I go and tell my mother this?" she asked.

"Yes," said the gentleman; "and if she will go let her bring you and meet me here at nine o'clock to-morrow, A. M. You must be punctual, and all ready for a start. Here is something to help you get ready."

The girl—her name was Jane—looked, in blank amazement, first at the stranger, then at the bill—a five dollar bill! Had it only been given before her father and her sister died it had saved their lives. How easy help seemed to come *now*—how impossible to obtain it *then*. These thoughts moved dimly through the mind of Jane, as she stood staring speechlessly at her benefactor.

"Run along, Jane; you are awake, child; if that's what you want to know," said Mr. Dennis, cheerfully.

He was delighted at the turn affairs had taken.

Jane, now bursting into a flood of passionate tears, caught the hand of the stranger to her lips, and then rushed out to the street.

We need not stop to paint the mingled joy and anguish, the mingled thanksgiving and regret, that tossed the bosom of that faint and hungry mother, while she listened to her daughter's tale—joy and thanksgiving for the help which was now sent them—anguish and regret that it had come too late to save those other precious lives. The next morning they were early at the shop of Mr. Dennis, and soon after were whirling away towards a quiet Connecticut village, where such poverty as they had known was almost beyond the power of the imagination of the inhabitants. There they found a comfortable home, and plenty of employment—there also they found friends; and Time, that universal healer, at length so softened the memory of their former woe, that they could hardly realize that they had really experienced it all.

Jane, in the course of a few years, married a steady and worthy farmer; and the home of her mother was removed from the spot where she had taught an infant school, to her daughter's pleasant dwelling; and thus the evening of the widow's days closed peacefully down.

Oh! ye whose full coffers are still overflowing;
Whose home is a palace—whose revenue sure;
In the world to which paupers and princes are going,
Beware that ye meet not the *curse of the poor!*

PREVALENT OPINIONS AMONG THE DUTCH.

1. A baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with the angels.

2. Rocking the cradle when the babe is not in it, is considered injurious to the infant, and a prognostic of its speedy death.

3. A strange dog following you is the sign of good luck.

4. A stork settling on a house is a harbinger of happiness. To kill such a bird would be sacrilege.

5. If you see a shooting star, the wish you form before its disappearance will be fulfilled.

6. A person born with a caul is considered fortunate.

7. Four-leaved clover brings luck to the person who finds it unawares.

8. An overturned salt-cellar is a ship wrecked. If a person take salt and spill it on the table, it betokens a strife between him and the person next to whom it fell. To avert the omen, he must lift up the shed grains with a knife, and throw them behind his back.

9. After eating eggs in Holland you must break the shells, or the witches would sail over in them to England. (The English don't know under what obligations they are to the Dutch for this custom.)

10. If you make a present of a knife or scissors, the person receiving must pay something for it; otherwise the friendship between you would be cut off.

11. A tingling ear denotes there is somebody speaking of you behind your back. If you hear the noise in the right one, he praises you; if on the left side, he is calling you a scoundrel, or something like that. But, never mind! for if, in the latter case, you bite your little finger, the speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. (By all means don't spare your little finger.)

12. If, at a dinner, a person yet unmarried be placed inadvertenly between a married couple, be sure he or she will get a partner within the year. (It's a pity it must be inadvertently.)

13. If a person when rising throw down his chair, he is considered guilty of untruth.

14. A potato begged or stolen is a preservative against rheumatism. Chestnuts have the same efficacy.

15. The Nymphæa, or water-lily, whose broad leaves, and clear white or yellow cups float upon the water, was esteemed by the old Frisians to have a magical power. "I remember, when a boy," says Dr. Halbertsma, "that we were extremely careful in plucking and handling them; for if any one fell with such a flower in his possession, he became immediately subject to fits."

16. One of my friends cut himself. A man-servant, being present, secured the knife hastily, anointed with oil, and, putting it into the drawer, besought the patient not to touch it for some days. Whether the cure was effected by this sympathetic means, I can't affirm; but cured it was; so don't be alarmed.

17. If you feel on a sudden a shivering sensation in your back, there is somebody walking over your future grave.

18. A person speaking by himself will die a violent death.

19. Don't go under a ladder, for if you do you will be hanged.

THE only uniform and perpetual cause of public happiness is public virtue. The effects of all other things which are considered as advantages will be found casual and transitory. Without virtue nothing can be securely possessed or properly enjoyed.

THE DEAD YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE

Here I will sit and muse. The midnight skies
Are weeping silent tears, as if they grieved
For the old year, and the pale stars look sad
And tremble, as if living, sorrowing hearts
Were throbbing in their breasts. In vain! in vain!
The faded year is nothing now. The flowers,
The birds, the waves, the streams, the melodies
Of vernal life and nature will come back,
But he returns no more. The winds may search
For him in their far journeyings; the grand
Old ocean with its thunder-tones may call
Forever to him in its peaseless dash
Beneath the heavens; the bright and burning stars,
With their high tones of Eden minstrelsy,
May speak his name in their eternal sweep
Along their flaming paths; the comets wild
May seek him by the baleful glare they spread
Through realms of ancient night; but none of these
Shall ever find him, for he liveth not
In all the universe of God. Years die,
And centuries die, and there will come a day
When the dread angel of the apocalypse,
Standing on land and sea, will lift his hand
And swear aloud that time shall be no more.

* * *

LAURA'S SON.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

With such a light above her head,
  A little year ago,
She walked adown the shadowy vale,
  Where the blood-red roses grow.

A shape, or shadow, joined her then
  To pluck the royal flower—
But stole the lily from her breast,
  Albeit her only dower.

In my sixteenth year, I loved, or fancied I loved, Laura L'Estrange. She was the daughter of the one rich man of my native village, and as far removed from me in social position as the heavens from the earth, for I was only a farmer's boy. But I lavished my first fond fancy upon her, and she knew it.

Many a time, as I sat in the village church, while the bright sunshine of a June morning was pouring in through the open windows, and the blue sky glancing overhead, have I looked at her, sitting, erect, and haughtily, in her father's pew, and thought the sky not half so blue or beautiful as her eyes. Many a time have I admired her tall, graceful form, and the lightness of her step, as she came out upon the porch,—and she, seeing that I *did* admire them, with a depth of feeling that could not be expressed in words, has let me help her into her father's carriage—has placed her small, gloved hand in mine, and repaid me for my services with a bewildering smile. And once—once, when we were alone, and I dared to praise the exquisite beauty of her complexion, the deep, violet-blue of her eyes, and the jetty blackness of her curling hair—she listened in silence,—nay, even when, blinded by boyish passion, I pressed those soft, wavy tresses passionately to my lips, she did not reprove me. She only blushed deeply, and was silent. But she was a girl then!

She knew how I loved her; and I must think, in spite of all that has taken place, she was not wholly indifferent to me in those days. But they soon changed. Others beside myself discovered that she was beautiful. They also remembered, what I had always tried to forget, that she was the heiress of her father's vast wealth. One among them—a man more haughty and handsome than I had ever seen before—was said to be her accepted suitor. I saw them once together in the village church. It was the Sunday previous to her departure for London, and a gay party filled the two great pews belonging to "The Muir." Among them all I saw but her—more beautiful than ever, but meeting my eager glances no more. The violet eyes were never lifted, save to rest stealthily on the face of the gentleman who sat by her side. It was evident to me that she loved him. She was my Laura no more—she was only the Laura of Colonel Bernard Alewynne, and would soon become his bride. I took my last look (I thought) of the beautiful face that day. I went home—to my father's humble cottage. I shut myself up in my poor little room, and fought the battle every feeling heart must fight before it ceases to beat—and then, all was over. To me, Laura was as one dead. And when I heard, the next day, that the family had departed for London, and that the marriage was soon to be solemnized, I do not think it cost me one additional pang. I had suffered too much—I now knew only the stupor of despair.

I did not remain long behind her. I, too, went to London, to study my profession. Within six years I had received my diploma, attained to a fair share of practice, and settled contentedly down in the middle rank of life. I was married, too, to a quiet and pleasant girl, who had long been my friend. I loved her—not as romantically as I had loved Laura L'Estrange it is true, but more faithfully it may be, and we were very happy together.

And all this time not one word of the bright enchantress of my youth—not one word to say if she was happy or wretched. I scanned the daily papers intently. I often saw her name mentioned, but she was Laura L'Estrange still. At last I saw the announcement of two marriages in "high life" that made me start. On one and the same day, Captain Bernard Alewynne was married to Barbara, second daughter of the Earl of Tinemouth, while Laura, only child of Gilbert L'Estrange, bestowed her hand upon Sir Leonard Auchester, of Copshill, in the fair county of Devonshire.

What could it all mean? I sat and pondered over the paper so long, and looked so very grave, that my good little wife came and leaned over my chair, and kissed me on the forehead. I drew her to my heart, and returned the kiss. I felt then how fortunate I was in having married one whom I could trust implicitly. What mattered the wild dreams of my youth, so that my household deity was one in whose pure hands my love and my honor were alike safe? But about Captain Bernard Alewynne and Lady Auchester I could only sigh and shake my head. That they *had* loved—madly and passionately—I well knew; but what had separated them, and caused this mockery, was only known to themselves and God.

During the next day they were continually in my thoughts. "Some evil will come of it—this is not the end of the story—you have to hear," were the words that seemed ringing continually in my ears. Wearied and harrassed, more with these thoughts than with my day's labor, I returned home in the evening. A slight, drizzling rain was falling, and the night air was chill and raw; but as I alighted from my gig, and gave the reins to my office-boy, I saw the bright light of lamp and fire in our pleasant sitting-room, and felt a glow at my heart that not all the storms in creation could quench. It was a happy thought—to think my wife was waiting for me there. I unfastened the front door, and went in very softly.

We had been married for three years, and in all that time had known only one sorrow—we had no children. Judge, then, what my surprise must have been, on hearing, from the passage, the cry of an infant, and the voice of my wife hushing it to slumber!

For a moment I thought I was dreaming. I pushed open the door of the sitting-room cautiously, and looked in. Yes—there she sat, with her face turned away from the door, and bent down toward something in her arms, with a look I had never seen before, even in her fondest moments. And nestling close to her breast—half restless, and half soothed, lay a little child, apparently some three years old!

What could it all mean? Whose child was this? And where had she learned that glance of maternal love she lavished upon it?

I stepped forward into the room. At sight of me a deep color broke into her face, and she looked startled and anxious. But the next moment she smiled her own happy smile, and made a place for me upon the sofa beside her.

"Hush, John. Make no noise. He is just dropping asleep."

I sat down beside her, quietly enough, though I was burning with curiosity. How strange she looked with a baby in her arms!

It slept at last. And looking up from its pretty face, she gave me leave to speak.

"In the name of wonder, Lucy, what does all this mean? Whose child is this?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"But how came it here?"

"John, you had not been gone an hour this morning before the bell rang furiously. I was busy at the moment, but ran to answer it as soon as I could. Nobody was there, but on the door-step was a basket. I brought it in—I lifted the embroidered cover, and found this little child, sleeping like an angel. I am as much in the dark as you."

"Where is the basket?"

"Right behind you, in the corner."

I drew it out, and examined it closely. It was made of wicker work, lined with blue satin, wadded and quilted. An embroidered blanket of the finest material was folded at one end, and a heavy purse, filled with gold, lay at the other. Attached to this was a piece of paper, bearing these words in pencil:

"The boy's name is Maurice. He is three years old to-day. As you deal with the child so may God deal with you. A check on the Bank of England will be sent you every three months. For the sake of *the early days* be kind to the boy."

I looked up. My wife's mild eyes were fixed upon my face with a glance of perplexity which I did not understand. But she said nothing.

I leaned forward and looked at the boy. He was a fair-faced, small-featured child, with long curls of jet black hair, and well defined brows of the same hue. Handsome, certainly—but reminding me strangely of some one I had seen, I could not tell when or where.

"Are his eyes dark?" I asked.

"No, they are blue!"

"*Blue!*"

The color flashed to my face in an instant. I knew, only too well, who had those eyes, and that hair, and, most of all, that face!

"John!"

My wife laid her hand upon my arm, and looked up at me sadly.

"Well."

"Will you answer me one question—*truly?*"

"Of course."

"*Is this your child?*"

"*Mine!* Lucy, what do you mean?"

I spoke sternly, and moved away from her side. With all those doubts and suspicions giving me such a bitter heartache, what right had she to inflict a still deeper wound?

"Forgive me!" she whispered, as she saw how angry I was. "I did not mean it. Forget that I ever said it. But I have been full of doubts and fears all day. It seemed so strange that the child should be left here, with such a message; and then you started so just now, when I said its eyes were blue—the color of your own eyes, John."

"Aye, and the color of other eyes besides, that will never look on you or me, Lucy," I answered, briefly.

I left my seat and paced slowly up and down the room. I was well convinced that it was the child of Laura L'Estrange and Bernard Alewynne—and the discovery of her deep unworthiness pained me to the very soul.

"John, *do* forget what I said just now," said my wife, who was looking at me uneasily. "I never saw you look so unhappy before. And I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

"Be easy, Lucy. I will forget what you said. I was not thinking of it even then."

She sighed heavily, and bent her face down over the child. I came and sat beside her, and took her hand.

"Lucy, I think I can solve the riddle that has puzzled you. In my boyhood I loved a lady—do not start so, dear wife—who was far above me, in social position, in wealth, and birth, and beauty—and everything else. How I dared to lift my eyes to her, I do not know—but I did do it—and that she was not quite unmindful of my devotions this last act of hers has testified."

"It is her child!"

"I believe it to be."

She put it from her breast, and let it lie quietly on her lap. I went on.

"She never loved me, Lucy. She loved another—a man of her own rank in life, and handsome and haughty as a fallen angel. They were to be married when I lost sight of her. For six years I have not heard from her, but I am well assured that this infant is hers."

"And its father——?"

"I believe to be Bernard Alewynne, who was her lover then."

My wife's face flushed deeply.

"But if they are married, why do they send the child here?"

"They are not married."

I got the paper, over which I had been musing the night before, and read the marriages to her.

'Oh, John!" was her pitiful cry. "This poor little child is then cast out into the world, unless we care for it."

"It would seem so," was my absent reply.

"John, was this lady very beautiful?" she asked, in a timid, hesitating sort of way.

I looked her full in the face with a fond smile, for I knew what she was thinking of.

"Very beautiful, Lucy, and also—very false! I have forgotten her—you need not fear me—and I can say, honestly, that my wife is dearer to me than anything else on earth can be—for I know her good and pure!"

She thanked me with a loving kiss.

"And the boy, John—poor little fellow—we will keep him, will we not? He is not to be blamed for the sins of his parents."

"I know—but still——"

That sentence was never finished. The boy awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, and looked up at me with his dark blue eyes—so like! so like! oh, Laura, I had not the heart to cast him off!

He stretched out his little arms to me gleefully.

"Papa, papa, take Maury!"

I took him—how could I resist that lisping cry? He nestled in my arms, delightedly, he stroked my bearded face with his hands, and kissed me again and again. The touch of those innocent lips—the lips of Laura's child, brought tears to my eyes. My wife looked on with a happy smile, when our game of romps was over, at last, and the pretty boy lay quiet, with his small face pillowed on my breast.

"Take Maury." Yes I *had* taken him, not only in my arms, but into my heart. My wife pleaded his cause no more—those artless caresses, and *his mother's eyes*, had established him in our little household—its dearest and most cherished inmate!

CHAPTER II.

A few frail summers had touched thee
  As they touch the fruit;
Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
  Not so sweet as thy voice the lute;
Hushed the voice—shorn the hair—all is over!
  An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else, save the tears in our eyes,
  And our bitterest, bitterest pains.

"Never to see her again—never to look upon her lovely face—never to hear her speak, no matter how I may long for a look or a word! God's will be done—not mine!"

Such were the thoughts with which I dismissed the image of Laura from my heart, six years before. In all the intervening time I had only remembered her as one, awaking from sleep, might remember a beautiful dream. But this tearing open of old wounds is a most painful process—more painful, if such a thing be possible, than their first infliction. For, with the second agony come such mournful thoughts of certain loss and estrangement—such memories of the years that have come and gone, and the changes that have taken place—that death itself would seem far preferable to such recollections.

So it was with me. My Lucy was very dear to me, and worlds would not have tempted me to pain her. But when the boy—the child of Laura—came dancing to the threshold of the door to meet me—when those unclouded blue eyes were raised to mine, or those long black curls, so like to others I had kissed in youth, came sweeping against my face—oh, then! I must confess, I often bowed my head upon his, that my wife might not see the tears in my eyes. Laura was not forgotten—although I wept far more for the love that was lost, than the beloved one; for the trust and confidence misplaced, rather than for her who had outraged them.

With this single exception, I believe we were a happy family. The little Maurice was the light of the house, and as I grew accustomed to his face and voice, I seemed more at my ease in loving him, if such an expression may be used. In the two years that had passed we had heard nothing from the guilty mother. Now and then a plain, dark-green carriage drove slowly through the street where we resided, and a veiled figure looked earnestly out at the house. I said nothing to my wife when I saw it, although I knew Laura was so near—but I took the boy to the window, that she might see me with the child in my arms, and know that I accepted the trust she had placed in me. Sometimes she was mute and motionless—sometimes a handkerchief waved an instant from the carriage window, as it drove quickly away. It was enough. We understood each other—and the thought that I could ease her heart, in any way, was very sweet to me.

One evening, when I came home late, I found my wife in an unusual state of excitement. She scarcely gave me time to finish my tea before she began to question me.

"John, is Lady Auchester in town?"

Even then I could not hear that name spoken suddenly without starting. But I held the evening paper before me, that Lucy might not notice me, and answered—

"Lady Auchester?"

"Yes—surely you know whom I mean, John."

"Better than I know whether she is here or not, my dear," was my quiet reply. "Does not the Times tell you?"

"No—the Times says nothing about it. Yet I am sure she is in town."

"And why, pray?"

"You know, John, that Maurice has been teazing this many a day to take a turn in Hyde Park, on the little pony you gave him?"

"Yes."

"This afternoon he was so anxious to go, that I actually dressed him in his best, mounted Peter on your hackney, to escort him, and followed on myself in a cab, to see that no harm happened to him on the way."

"It seems to have been quite a John Gilpin cavalcade, my dear," said I, secretly amused at her account.

"Wait till you hear me through, John, and I will give you leave to laugh. I was sitting on one of the benches, watching Maurice; and you know, my dear, he does ride beautifully——"

"As well as most boys of five years of age, my dear."

"Most boys, indeed! I should like to know where you will find another so young who can ride at all."

"Well, never mind, my dear. Only tell me what wonderful thing happened to you and the boy."

"John, a beautiful carriage drew up near by, and I saw a lady beckon to him. He rode up beside the carriage, with his cap in his hand—he entered it—and when he came back to me, riding at full gallop, he had a beautiful little watch and chain around his neck. He told me of a pretty lady who kissed him and cried over him, and told him to wear that in memory of her. John, do you not think it must have been Lady Auchester?"

"Yes, it was Laura," I said, in an altered tone. "It could have been no other. And the boy—where is he?"

"Sound asleep, with the watch under his pillow."

"She did not follow him home then?"

"No—I saw the carriage drive out of the park gates towards Piccadilly."

"And Lady Auchester's town residence is in Portman Square."

We were both silent for a few minutes, and then Lucy startled me by asking, very soberly—

"John, what is to become of our boy? It does very well now when he is so young, and sees no one but us—but by-and-by, when he grows older, and must be sent to school—oh, what will he do then?"

"I cannot tell. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children you know, even to the third and fourth generation. I dread the day when Maurice shall leave the shelter of this roof, my dear wife, and yet that day must surely come. I am almost tempted to say it would be better for him to die before he sees it."

I spoke rashly and ignorantly, but it seems that I spoke truly. He who doeth all things well saw fit to take our darling from us before he drank the bitter cup of the world's scorn and hatred. Not long after that interview with his mother he began to droop. Without the manifestation of any peculiar or violent disease, the springs of life seemed slowly failing within him. He had always been a delicate child—but now the melancholy beauty of his wasted face was touching in the extreme, and his large, blue eyes wore a look that never failed to draw tears from mine.

Lady Auchester was at Bath—one of the gayest of the gay crowds assembled there. For a time I hesitated as to the propriety of sending for her; but when Maurice grew so weak that he never left his sofa through the day long, I yielded to his entreaties that the "pretty lady" might come, and dispatched a brief note, which, without calling any names, I was very sure would bring her.

I was not deceived. On the second evening after my letter had been posted, the plain, dark-green carriage stopped at my door, and a lady, closely cloaked and veiled, descended, and was shown into the consulting-room by my servant.

I went in to meet her. I tried to appear calm; but at the first sight of the tall, graceful figure that stood in the middle of the floor, my heart sank within me. She came forward a step or two, and said, in a voice still musical but slightly imperious:

"Are you Dr. Hastings?"

"That is my name, Madame?"

"Strange!" she went on in a different tone. "You are very much changed. I remember you as a boy—and you stand before me a man, with your hair already turning gray. Yet it is not so many years ago."

"I have had much trouble and anxiety since then, Lady Auchester, and they are two things which never preserve youth."

"You are right—oh, you are right!" she cried, scarcely seeming to notice that I had spoken her name. "And I too have changed—look at me."

She laid aside her bonnet and veil—threw off her cloak, and stood before me! Oh, she *had* changed, and pitifully! This was not the Laura of my boyhood—this *rouged*, splendidly-dressed Lady Auchester. Gone, forever, the lovely bloom of her girlhood—gone, also, the purity and peace of her girlish heart! She was beautiful—she was magnificent, but over me she had no power! The dream faded as I looked at her, and thought of my pure wife.

"You have been kind to Maurice—to my child," she said, speaking with a terrible effort. "God will reward you for it, as I am unable to do. You have told me he is dying. Is this true?"

"So true, Lady Auchester, that this may be the last night of his life. He is sinking rapidly. His last hours will be easy ones."

"Thank God for that!"

I had something more to tell her, which I hardly knew how to name. But when she asked to be taken to the boy, I spoke:

"One instant, Lady Auchester. Is there not another who should stand beside that dying-bed, with you?—one who has the same sin to answer for—who has the same dearly bought right to watch the soul go forth?"

She turned her head away. Her throat and face were flushed with the deepest crimson. But though my heart bled for her in her utter humiliation, before one who had once loved her—as she well knew I had done—I could not, in mistaken kindness, spare her then.

"The same post which carried my letter to you, Lady Auchester, carried one also to the Hon. Bernard Alewynne."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, spare me! Do not, in mercy, speak *that* name!"

"I must, Lady Auchester; because, at this moment, he is at the bedside of his son, and you will meet him there."

"Oh—I cannot! I cannot! It is years since we have met, even in society,—and to see him like this would kill me!"

A low knock came at the door, and when I opened it, my wife was there, her eyes filled with tears.

"John," she whispered, "he is going fast; and he begs that the 'pretty lady' may come and see him before he dies. Why do you wait here so long?"

I drew her close to my heart, and turned to Laura.

"Lady Auchester, you see my wife, who, while being the best and dearest friend I have on earth, has also been a fond mother to your boy."

She tried to speak, but words failed her; and sinking on her knees before us, the haughty woman of the world wept like an infant as she kissed my simple little Lucy's hand!

She followed us, after that, without another word, into the darkened room where Maurice was lying. A tall, handsome man, in the prime of life, was bending over his pillow, and one of his little white hands was smoothing the bronzed and bearded face of the soldier. But when Lady Auchester crossed the threshold, a faint flush covered the cheek of the child, and he stretched out his arms in welcome.

"My boy! My boy!"

I think there was not a dry eye in the room as the mother clasped her child in her arms. She turned to me, with that young head lying on her breast, and pointed to my wife:

"You have thought me guilty, both of you," she said, proudly. "But when this child was born, I was the legal wife of Bernard Alewynne."

Had a thunderbolt descended in our midst, I could not have been more astonished. But when I turned to him, he assented with a melancholy smile.

"It is true," he said, gravely. "Lady Auchester and myself were married privately, while abroad, and as secretly divorced. My son is not what you have always thought him—the child of shame."

"Thank God for that!" I exclaimed, fervently. And turning to the boy, whose large, bright eyes were fixed eagerly upon us, I added—

"Maurice, you have often called me papa. I have told you that your own papa would come some day. He is here now, and the pretty lady is your own dear mamma."

His pale face brightened.

"Mamma—papa—come closer to me."

They stood beside him, both weeping as they looked at him, but each, alas! avoiding the glance of the other. The child saw that something was wrong, and tears filled his eyes.

"Mamma, do you love papa?" he asked, wistfully.

She bit her lip and tried to be calm, but the tide of long repressed emotion would have its way.

"My boy! my little Maurice! For your sake I can forgive and forget everything!"

"Laura! Laura! Forgive *me*, then!" said a deep, rich voice, and in an instant the proud soldier was on his knees beside her.

She looked at him steadily, and taking his hand, joined it with that of her child's, in a firm clasp.

"Bernard," she said, "I thought once that this hour could never come. But by the death-bed of our boy, even we must be at peace. I do forgive you, freely and fully, for all I have suffered through you, and I hope God will also forgive us both!"

"Amen!"

The death-like stillness of the room was unbroken, till little Maurice beckoned me and Lucy nearer, and asked me to pray. My heart was on my lips as I plead with the Almighty Father for mercy and forgiveness; but before the last words were uttered, our little Maurice had left us forever. There was one less in our stricken household—but oh! there was also one bright angel more in the happy courts of Heaven!

It was Laura's hand that closed the blue eyes, and covered the little pale face from our sight. Her great sorrow had invested her with a new and awful dignity in my eyes. I watched her as she looked her last upon the face of him who had once been her husband. I saw their last farewell, and I believed a lesson had been taught them both, which would never be forgotten.

Nor can I believe it has been. For though ever and anon I see the names of Lady Auchester, and the Hon. Bernard Alewynne, among the list of gay frequenters of the ball, the opera, and the party, yet I also see the sad face of Laura brighten as I pass her in my daily drives. And then I know that she remembers the little grave in a London churchyard, where the only child God ever gave her, is lying. The marble stone above him has this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Maurice Alewynne,
Who died in the 6th year of his age.
'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

There, as the twilight deepens into dusk, I often see her, walking to and fro. There, also, at the hour he died, his father bends above his grave and weeps for him. True, they may never meet, and the world knows nothing of the tie that once bound them to each other. But God knows it, and the little hand of the angel Maurice seems always stretched forth to bring them safely to that better country where there are no more partings, and where tears are never known!

* * *

COMFORTABLE PEOPLE.

Comfortable people are, first, persons who are at peace with themselves and with each other, and disposed to make the best of everything and everybody; and that, not by the dangerous sophism of "calling evil good," and a disposition to dwell on and multiply whatever is beneficial near them. There is a something about comfortable people which has an affinity to goodness and which repels evil; and thus, without any ostensible exertion on their part, or forced behavior on yours, you actually feel not only happier but better in their presence than in that of others, though more highly distinguished or more zealous in your behalf. That which is true in you comes forth to meet their truth; that which is kind in you flows on with their indulgence; that which is unselfish in you answers to their unaffected consideration; and you would as soon think of presenting yourself at the queen's drawing-room with goloshes, waterproofs, and umbrellas, as of bringing before comfortable people the harshness or suspicion with which you think it necessary to encounter the world in general; you know you will not want them.

Comfortable people are also persons of sound principle, good sense, and certain prudence in all the common concerns of life; so that, if you can ascertain what is, at any time and under any circumstance, best and wisest to be done,—you know the course they will pursue. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely;" and, although misfortune may have to be encountered by comfortable people as well as by others, you may be certain they will never leave the path of safe prosperity to seek it; and how much more misfortune is sought than met with in the world, let the relatives of uncomfortable people declare! Comfortable people will not, then, run into debt, nor enter into idle speculations, nor attempt anything for which their talents or means are obviously insufficient. Neither will they, under any specious pretence, allow a false mercy to usurp the place of a just benevolence in their transactions. It is not their custom to steal or even to "borrow from Peter to pay Paul;" their own household and dependents will never be made to suffer from their generosity to strangers; and, whilst their general kindness may warrant the belief that they will do all they can, their prudence makes you equally secure that they will not vainly attempt doing more.

Comfortable people are seldom great talkers; but what they say is ever singularly to the purpose, whilst their manner of speaking is most agreeably free from the "hammering and stammering," and other painful peculiarities belonging to individuals who talk more than they think, and who forget that the object of speaking should be to make the persons spoken to hear and understand. As the writing of comfortable people is always legible and never crossed, so their speech is distinct, concise, and harmonious; they have taken pains in this respect, and have been successful; so that deaf people, who are hourly made deafer and deafer still by the vain bawling of their friends and relatives, always catch what is said by comfortable people, although they never bawl.

* * *

VARIOUS ESTIMATES OF HAPPINESS.

In all ages—amongst every people—by each class—do we find different notions of it entertained. To the wandering gipsy a home is tiresome; whilst a Swiss is miserable without one. Progress is necessary to the well-being of the Anglo-Saxons; on the other hand, the Esquimaux are content in their squalid poverty, have no latent wants, and are still what they were in the days of Tacitus. An Irishman delights in a row; a Chinese in pageantry and ceremonies; and the usually apathetic Javan gets vociferously enthusiastic over a cock-fight. The heaven of the Hebrew is "a city of gold and precious stones, with a supernatural abundance of corn and wine;" that of the Turk, a harem peopled by houris; that of the American Indian, a "happy hunting ground;" in the Norse paradise there were to be daily battles, with magical healing of wounds; whilst the Australian hopes that he shall "jump up a white fellow, and have plenty of sixpences." Descending to individual instances, we find Louis XVI. interpreting "greatest happiness to mean—making locks; instead of which his successor read—making empires. It was seemingly the opinion of Lycurgus that perfect physical development was the chief essential to human felicity; Plotinus, on the contrary, was so purely ideal in his aspirations as to be ashamed of his body. Indeed, the many contrary answers given by Grecian thinkers to the question: What constitutes happiness? has given occasion for comparisons that have become trite. Nor has greater unanimity been shown amongst ourselves. Rural quietude, books, and a friend, are the wants of the poet; a dandy longs rather for a large circle of fashionable acquaintance and a box at the Opera. The ambition of the merchant and the artist are anything but alike; and could we compare the air castles of the ploughman and the philosopher, v
should find them of widely different orders of
chitecture. Generalizing such facts, we se
the standard of "greatest happiness" pos
little fixity as the other exponents of hum

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

October 12th, 1492.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A year of days. Three hundred sixty-five;
Each with its robe of snows, and budding wreath;
Its crown of flowers and wealth of hoarded sheaves
Have pass'd away, since thro' autumnal haze,
Ere misty Morn had chang'd her gray to gold,
A chieftain from his tossing deck descried—
What?
A red comet?—a storm-laden cloud?
A whelming mountain-surge?—a monster-whale,
Like a brown, moving island?
No. What then?
From his clasp'd hands the glass hath fallen, whose power
Like Galileo's self-constructed tube,
Made truth the victor o'er all doubts and scoffs,
And threats of sceptic man. Transfix'd he stands,
With rapture on each feature.
See!—Behold!
The object of his visions—of his prayers—
For which the Inquisition's frown he dared,
And pluck'd from mutiny its brandish'd knife:
There is his payment,—that discovered clime—
Those sharp, green ridges of San Salvador.

What strong emotion nerv'd him, as he raised
Creation's veil, and led exulting forth
The *Terra Incognita*, as a bride,
For the old, worn-out world to gaze upon.

Henceforth, let History grave this honor'd day
Deep on her scroll, and when the Harvest Month,
Tenth of the children of the fruitful year,
Lifting a scorpion sign, shall designate
Its twelfth unfolding morn—oh, Western World!
Utter, like Memnon, at the sunrise-hour,
A strain of music—bid thy mountains say
Columbus, and thy torrents catch the sound,
Till every vale and thicket learn his name,
And through all mists of time, remember him.

Hartford, Oct. 12th, 1857.

THE BORDER HEROINE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mail from Little Rock to the western borders was carried on horseback, there lived, a few miles above Horse-Head, a stout pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife Polly, and one child—a girl—only nine years old—made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and his unerring rifle never failed to supply his board and furnish something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off, so he was troubled little with prying visitors.

It was in early spring that Jacob started down the river with a boat-load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and he left with her, too, a light rifle and a brace of pistols. She knew how to use that rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband patted her upon the shoulder and cried,—"Nobly done, Poll, my dear! I could not have made a better shot myself." And he often had occasion to say this, and with truth, too.

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days when, towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small, muscular man, some forty years of age, and seemed inured to all sorts of hardship. As he sprang from his saddle Polly made her appearance.

"Ah, Polly—once more here," the new-comer said, as he drew a pair of well-filled saddle-bags from the back of his beast.

"Yes—and I'm glad to see you, Morton. Jacob has been gone four days, and the time is growing heavy."

"Jacob gone? Where?"

"Down river with a load of furs."

"Oh—ah—yes. Well—you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night, at least; so for the next twelve hours you'll feel safe."

"Oh—I feel safe enough," returned the woman, quickly; "only lonesome."

"Well—then for this evening you sha'n't be lonesome."

Thus speaking Morton threw his saddle and saddle-bags into the cabin, and then led his horse around to a low shed where he made the animal fast and fed him. After this he returned to the dwelling and entered, and was soon afterwards discussing the events of the times over an ample supper. His hostess told him all that had transpired in her neighborhood since his last visit, and her visitor gave her the news from the eastern valley.

Lant Morton had been the mail-carrier upon that route for several years, and not once had he passed to or fro without spending a night at Jacob Burnap's. In fact, he was about the only regular visitor at the hunter's cabin, and though the interval between his visits were long, yet he seemed almost a fixture of the place. Polly Burnap—still in the bloom of young womanhood—knew his generous, noble character, so she felt free and at home in his presence.

"Those are heavy bags for this route," said the carrier, as he put away his pipe and prepared to retire. "And," he added, in an under tone, "they contain some valuable letters—some fat ones—going to the fort."

"Is it known on the route that your load is so valuable?" asked Polly.

"I think not—though it may be. Still, I am well armed, and I fancy 'twould be a tough job for any one to tackle old Lant."

"A man was robbed on the creek a few days since."

"And the robbers have fled," added Morton, carelessly, as he drew his mail-bags after him.

There were three apartments in the lower cabin—the main room, where the family lived—then a small pantry and provision room in one corner, and a bed-room in the corner opposite. Beneath was a deep cellar, where the provisions were kept in the summer, and where they could be kept equally well in winter, for frost never entered the deep hole the hunter had dug. Beside these was the loft, with a tightly-boarded floor, which was reached by a ladder from the pantry; and in this latter place the mail-carrier slept. He had dragged his bags up after him, not caring to leave so precious a charge beyond his reach.

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired and sleepy from his hard ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking with her guest, so when she had seen him safely at rest, in the loft, she drew her basket to the little table where the candle was, and went at work upon some clothing for her child, who was soundly sleeping in the bed-room in the corner.

The old German clock, which hung upon the wall, with its great weights and winding-strings all exposed, had struck ten ere Polly arose from her work. She had just pushed her basket beneath the table, and taken up the candle, when the front door was opened, and two men entered. They were in their stockings, their shoes having been left outside.

"—sh!" uttered the foremost of the intruders. "Speak but one word above a whisper, and you die on the instant!"

Polly recovered from her quick terror, and gazed up. She saw two stout, wicked, ugly-looking men, one of whom held a cocked pistol towards her. With a quickness of perception, natural to her, she knew that the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace, as that would make more noise than she could make. And further—she recognized in the foremost man a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Gallus. She had never seen him before, but the minute descriptions her husband had given her of the man, led her at once to know him—and positively, too; for one big scar upon the left cheek was mark enough.

"What seek you, gentlemen?" asked Polly, without betraying the least fear.

"We have come to see Morton, the mail-carrier," returned Gallus, in a hoarse whisper.—"Where is he? Don't speak too loud."

"He is long since asleep. Would it not do as well to see him in the morning? I can find you room for lodging."

The fair hostess had said this for the purpose of gaining time. She knew very well that these men had come to rob the carrier, and she was equally sure that they would murder him if they could, and, in all probability, put her out of the way as well. They had evidently learned of the valuable load he carried, and meant to carry it in his stead. In short, she not only knew the character of the bold ruffians, but she knew their business. Their very warning and threat to her were proof positive.

"Never mind his being asleep. Show us where he is at once," roughly replied Gallus in answer to Polly's last remark.

"But I can call him, good sirs," reasoned the woman, calmly, though there was alarm in her soul.

"Call him? Call ——!" growled the villain, with a fierce oath. "You call him, and you'll be called to another world quick! Show us the way!"

The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beast did not betray the thoughts of that woman's soul, nor did a look tell her meaning. She was pale, but she did not tremble.

"This way, sirs," she whispered.

And as she spoke, she turned towards a door which was situated directly between the doors of the little bed-room and the pantry. She did not open it until both men were close behind her.

"Don't you hear him breathe?" she whispered.

"Yes," returned both villains. And they did hear a breathing, but 'twas of the child close at hand.

As they thus answered her she threw the door wide open—it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. In an instant Polly Burnap leaped back—Gallus was upon the threshold, and his companion close upon his heels. With all her power the noble woman threw herself against the rear man, and on the next moment both the robbers lay sprawling upon the cellar-bottom.

This had been the door opening to the deep excavation, and the only means of egress was by a perpendicular ladder. Could this have been moved, Polly would have pulled it immediately up, but it was spiked to its place, and she must let it remain. To close the door would be useless, for she had no ready means of fastening it. So she did what she had resolved upon from the first: she sprang to the fire-place, and caught her trusty rifle from its becket, and having cocked it, she turned towards the open door. She heard the curses of the villains as they searched for the ladder, and she soon knew that one of them had found it.

"Back!" she cried, as she saw a head appear above the threshold. The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but it was sufficient.

She saw the robber raise a pistol. There was but one alternative. *She* could not die. She had a husband—a child—and she had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts flashing through her mind, she drew the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and its echo was a deep groan from the cellar-bottom.

Ere the second robber could show himself, Morton came rushing into the room with a pistol in each hand.

"What is it?" he cried.

"There! There!" gasped Polly, pointing to the open door-way, where a savage-looking face had just presented itself.

Lant Morton had been long enough used to danger not to waste time in conjecture when a moment may be life or death. He turned—he saw the face—and quick as thought he covered the mark and fired.

"Are there any more?" he asked, cocking his second pistol.

"No. I shot one." And as Polly Burnap thus spoke, she sank into a chair, and leaned her head upon the table.

"What! You hurt?" the carrier exclaimed, springing to her side.

"No—no," she faintly replied. "Only weak. I shall be better in a little while. Look to the cellar."

"How many were there?"

"Only two. I know I killed one."

"And I can swear I killed the other," added Morton, as he took up the candle and approached the open door.

He listened, but he could hear no sound. Then, with his pistol still in his hand, he carefully descended the ladder. At the bottom he stepped upon a human body, and having found an easier standing-place, he held down the light, and gazed around. He saw two men—both dead—both shot through the brain—and then he came up.

"Polly—noble Polly!" he cried, "you have rid the world of two of the most desperate and cold-blooded scoundrels that ever infested any country."

"Do you know them?" she asked, reviving.

"Aye—well. Dick Gallus and Red Harmon."

"Was that other Red Harmon?"

"Yes—the murderer of Pearson and Nathans."

"Oh! I am glad they were robbers. But then I knew they were—I knew it—or I should not have fired. I knew they meant to rob and murder you, and——"

"And so you meant to save me," remarked the carrier, as Polly hesitated.

"Yes—yes—I did. Yes—that was it."

And as soon as the noble woman was sufficiently recovered, she told the whole story. Morton expressed his thanks as best he could; but, after all, the moisture of his sharp gray eye, the changing of his countenance, and the very lack of language, told more than words could have done.

After due deliberation, it was decided that the bodies should remain where they were till morning. So the cellar-door was shut, the front door bolted, and then they prepared once more to retire; but for the rest of the night Morton made his bed upon the floor of the large room.

In the morning, just as the carrier was dressing, there came a loud rap upon the outer door, accompanied by a voice which he knew full well. He hastened to open the way, and gave entrance to Jacob Burnap. The hunter had met a party of traders at Lewisburg, and disposed of all his skins to them, thus finishing his journey some six days sooner than he had anticipated.

Polly was soon upon her husband's bosom, and when he had told his own story, Morton gave him an account of the past night's adventure. Jacob was at first incredulous, but when he had been down and seen the bodies, he was satisfied.

"Polly, my jewel," he said, placing one arm about her neck, "I'm proud of you. I love you more and more, for every day I find more to love." And then turning to Morton, he added—

"What do you think of such a wife?"

"Ah," returned the guest, with deep feeling, "if poor Lant Morton had such an one, he wouldn't be a mail-carrier."

When Morton left, he was directed to stop at the first settlement, and state to the officers there what had happened, and he promised to do so. He once more blessed the brave woman who had saved his life, and then set out. Late in the afternoon two officers arrived at the cabin, and when they were shown the dead bodies, they recognized them at once, and proceeded to remove them. And ere a week was passed, whole settlements blessed the BORDER HEROINE for the work she had done.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A UTICA LADY wants to know the use of fools, as she has heard it said that nothing was created in vain. She does not mean those witty fools called kings' fools, for she knows the use of them very well, but such fools as she herself is troubled with. It is a very good question, and deserves a longer answer than we can afford to give. In fact, it ought to have a leading article to treat it. Fools and men of genius are the first touches of the picture of humanity. You know that all pictures are composed of light and shade. Well, then, when a painter finishes his picture, he finishes the dark parts with dark, small, dull, sombre touches, just to relieve the rest, and make them look fresh and clear by contrast. These are the fools. When he finishes the lights, it is with smart, clear, and small brilliant touches on the clearest parts of the picture, which now look less brilliant by comparison. These are the men of genius. Now good pictures have always more shade than light. Some of Rembrandt's are all shade, with the exception of a small hallucination in the poetic center of the piece. The fools, therefore, are very numerous in such pictures—the men of genius few. So it is with society. God has painted it like an artist, with large magnificent shadows, and small lights, but the one sets off the other admirably. If there were no fools, how could you tell whether a man was wise or not? And if wise men were very common, like pebbles, and fools, like diamonds, were very rare, then fools would be more valuable than they ought to be. So that you see if you only use reason—not the fool's commonplace reason, but wise man's reason—it is all right enough.

ZADA is troubled with two gentlemen. One, whom she loved best, she treated coldly, and engaged herself to the other, who first spoke of marriage in a year, then put it off to the end of two years; after that he put it off two years more, but would not wish her to wait if she had a better chance, hoping it would make no difference in their friendship; but Zada abruptly told him he was no friend of hers, that the only favor she would ask of him was, that he would show his face no more. Zada wants to know if she did right. She did not do wrong. What the gentleman's reasons were, we know not. It is but another evidence of the folly of engagements between parties who have no immediate prospect of marriage. The re-engagement should have been formally made in the presence of friends, or in writing. There is a prevalent notion abroad amongst youth, that private verbal engagements are not binding.

HUDSON confounds long engagements with long courtships, we suspect, or he would not find fault with us for saying they are stupid things. Even long courtships are not generally approved of. But it is very dangerous for a young man who has no prospect of marriage to bind a young woman to reserve herself for an indefinite period. He may never be in a condition to marry, and woman has a better chance of marriage than man. An immense number of men never do nor can settle in life—civilization requires their services in a roaming capacity. There should be a reasonable hope of settlement before an engagement is made. Courtship is one thing, engagement another. Engagement terminates courtship; therefore we say, court until marriage seems probable and expedient, then engage.

JENKINSON.—Your starting point is altogether wrong. It is not true that every man has a right to remunerative labor, whether any one wants him to work or not. We have no objection to admitting that "man has a right to *labor*" as you put it, but his "right" to make somebody or anybody *pay him* for labor that nobody wants done, is quite another affair. What you and your leveling crew mean, when you say "man has a right to labor," is, that a man who has no means of support shall have the right to take what he wants of other people's property. If a man has a "right" to labor and to be paid for it, who is to decide upon the *kind* of labor for which he is to be thus paid?

JESSIE.—We can give your father no instructions which will help him in the matter you mention, but we can give him a bit of advice for his future guidance, by heeding which he will avoid similar troubles in future. Hereafter, let him put all his agreements and contracts of importance into writing, and have them not only signed, but sealed and witnessed, or acknowledged before a commissioner of deeds. *Then* there can be no dodging or disputing.

CÆSAR.—You are mistaken. The Britons have never been "cowards" in any period of their history. Their valor has always been great, and they have ever been unconquerable. The inhabitants have been many times *overpowered*, it is true, but the bravest are not always exempt from that misfortune. The Romans overcame them by superior skill and force, but they could never subdue their spirit; and the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans, each had their turns of triumph, but the indomitable Islanders persisted in their opposition and struggles, until their quenchless spirit and fiery valor fused the various races into a common nationality, whose deeds of matchless fortitude and imperishable renown are known and honored in all lands.

HENRY.—You had better desist from your studies until shall have completely recovered from the weakness of your eyes. A little carelessness now may injure your eyes irreparably, and besides, a hearty play-spell will do you no harm. Boys who are naturally studious, and ambitious of intellectual distinction, should be careful not to overtask their faculties.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It makes no difference if persons forming "clubs" for the LEDGER do live in different towns, as we send the paper to any address desired, and only require that all the money for the subscriptions shall be forwarded in the same letter.

MRS. M. B. E.—It is impossible to say what bank stock will be worth a year hence, or even a month from this time. We had rather not take the responsibility of giving advice in such an uncertain matter.

E. R. G.—Five cents is the utmost that any newsdealer, in any part of the Union, should charge for the LEDGER. You can obtain the back numbers, from the commencement of the story of "Lady Claudine," at four cents apiece.

AN AGGRIEVED JUROR wishes to know the origin of the custom of confining jurors from meat and drink while deliberating on a verdict. The history of the rise of this custom is interesting and queer. The Gothic nations were famous of old, in Europe, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drinks as arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes *fasting, and not after dinner*. An Italian author in his "Antiquities," plainly affirms that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very patiently and ingeniously observes, in his *Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution*, that from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

A YOUNG WIFE presents for our determination the following "case:" "Is there any harm in my allowing my husband's male friends to kiss me when they come to pay us a visit? My husband says he shall not allow it, and that if I do he shall leave me. He says I must be on very intimate terms to allow a man to take the liberty of kissing me, and which will be the means of destroying his happiness. If you will be kind enough to give me your advice upon the subject I will abide by it. My husband is aware I intended addressing you, and himself wishes to know your opinion." Then comply with your husband's request, which is very reasonable, and do not endanger your own and his happiness by persisting in a practice so unnecessary. Kissing is sacred in America, not a mere "how-do-ye-do" affair, for the Yankees go direct to the lips; whereas the people on the continent of Europe, considering this as too sensual, kiss the brow and cheeks. Our "Young Wife" must certainly be a very warm-hearted, affectionate creature if she kisses all her husband's male visitors. Does she kiss her own female visitors, or send them to her husband to be kissed?

MARIA.—The proposal of a widower to enter again the married state may be taken as an intimation that he has ceased to regard the loss of his wife in all its primitive bitterness, and that his affections seek another object on which to lavish themselves. We see, therefore, no reason to suppose that "an amiable woman, sympathizing and free from petty jealousy," such as Maria describes, will fail "to obtain the same degree of affection the former wife possessed." It is mere romance for either a man or woman to talk about being incapable of loving a second time; many instances have occurred in *real* life to show the folly of such silly twaddle; nay, the second passion is frequently stronger and more endearing than the first. Therefore keep a good heart, Maria; and should your lover, after you have converted him into a husband, make unpalatable allusions to his "dear departed angel," which is far from unlikely, do you exert yourself to discover in what respect she was so good, and endeavor to be the same.

MADALINE has a lover whom she cannot understand. He is so very embarrassed. He seems to want to say something, and yet he cannot. He raises expectation, and awakens hope, and then, alas! only cruelly disappoints. She must help him a little. Woman ought to be a helpmate to man. When she has made him a little bold and impudent, then she may become shy and coy, and pout, and resume her proper feminine character. There is no occasion to make any present to a gentleman in return for trifling expenses of gallantry. The society of the ladies is always considered to be more than equivalent to the gentleman's money. But let it be at most some piece of her own handiwork, and no purchased article.

FREE ACADEMY.—Which is right, "My client wishes to know whether his terms *be* accepted," or "My client wishes to know whether his terms *are* accepted?" Neither. It ought to be, "My client wishes to know if his terms are accepted." Whether is not perfectly synonymous with if. When we use *whether* we must use *or* also, as "whether this *or* that." "Whether his terms are accepted or not," would do; or, "whether or not his terms are accepted." *Whether* means which of the two; it implies one of two things, and these two things must be specified. *If*, it is true, means the same as *whether*, but it does not require the two things to be specified; the negative is merely implied with *if*, but expressed with *whether*.

GOODRICH.—It is difficult to say what sort of books are calculated to strengthen the mind; or what strength of mind means. One class of men accuse another mutually of weakness of mind, arrogating strength to themselves. Who is to judge? Your bustling, busy, swearing, rollicking sort of people think themselves very strong-minded, and regard, very frequently, men of genius and deep thought as weak-minded. We can give no answer to such vague questions. The proper study of mankind is man. He who knows most about man—his nature, history, and probable destiny—is the greatest and most strong-minded man, whatever be his social eccentricities or personal weaknesses.

AMANDA says she is often *thrown* into company with a young man who she is sure is in love with her, but who has never declared himself, and she is anxious to know what plan to adopt to prove his affection. There's the mischief! The ladies are always planning! full of intrigue! Adopt no plan at all. If you are too hasty with your plans you may awaken suspicion, and then the sparrow will be off. Plants of slow growth are of long life. Mushroom love is ominous of evil. Wait a little longer. He is merely forming an acquaintanceship with you, with his foot in the snare. He will find the pull by-and-by.

SUSAN.—There is but little, if any, choice between a small-sized photograph and a daguerreotype. Some artists do not take small-sized photographs. By visiting a daguerrian gallery, and examining the different styles of miniatures, you would be able to decide intelligently upon the subject.

MUSICUS.—The most celebrated makers of the violin were the Amati, Steiner, Straduarius and Guanarius, who all flourished hundreds of years ago, and whose instruments now command extraordinary prices.

SUSPICIOUS.—You should be doubly sure before accusing a neighbor of a crime. It is a serious business for both of you, and *you* cannot be too cautious.

LITTLE TOMMY.—You did right not to strike your sister back when she struck you, and tore your book. You are a good boy.

PROFESSOR.—We have no space for an essay on the comparative importance of spoken and written language. We will say, however, in answer to your question, that spoken language is not so perfect as written language. It is uttered at random; its arguments are not so well weighed, its illustrations are not so well adapted, its words not so well chosen. A writer has time to think and to collect his thoughts, a speaker has not. Whatever power, therefore, there may be in spoken language, there is less accuracy than in written language. And what is true of the language is also true of the sentiments, the facts, the knowledge which it communicates. An era of mere speech is not an era of knowledge; it is an era of conceits and fancies, ephemeral notions, which not being recorded cannot be properly weighed and considered, criticised and corrected. It is diffuse, vague, poetical, and inflated; more remarkable for the vigor of imagination and the bloom of youthful enthusiasm than for the accurate and laborious details of mature experience and well-tested knowledge. In ancient times the ear was the great school of instruction. It was by verbal communion chiefly that knowledge was conveyed. Philosophers were surrounded by crowds of pupils, who attended them as body guards in the streets, and used them as living books of reference on every subject the study of which they pursued. Those subjects could scarcely be scientific, for science deals with recorded facts. They were poetical or imaginative, logical or dialectical, and the response of the master to the pupil must ever have varied, modified by the favorable or unfavorable circumstances which increased or diminished the activity of the fancy. But this very fact made the teaching of those times more moral and sententious, more hearty and interesting, than the teaching of our own era. Lecturing has now become dry, matter-of-fact-*ish*, precise, prudish, dull, and unexciting. It wants the familiar tone and simplicity of the old mode of teaching, and this effect has been produced by the teaching of the eye, which by means of books has recorded so much dry detail, and attached so much importance to its quantity and its accuracy, that the imagination has been put in fetters, and the heart, which is the sweetheart of the fancy, has lost its spirit.

SEEKER OF INFORMATION.—Our knowledge of the machinery and management of the London newspapers is not very thorough, but we know enough about them to be aware of the fact that they accomplish many of their extraordinary feats by the exercise of sagacious forethought and preparation, and by untiring industry. Thus, in regard to the admirable biographical sketches of deceased great men which appear so speedily in their columns, about which you particularly inquire, we are informed that there is attached to each of the chief London morning papers a functionary called "the Biographer," whose literary employment is to write, and be in readiness with, the memoirs of great and leading men, so that on their demise a day may not pass ere the public are put in possession of the prominent incidents of their lives and career. With the inexorable diligence of fate, the "Life Writer" of the London paper is always *posting up* the records of public men whose increasing years or failing strength renders it probable that death, at no distant day, may close their career. The machinery, indeed, is said to be so perfect, that memoranda of most living great persons are put away in a series of small compartments, under their respective initial letter, ready for use and compilation at a moment's notice. Thus we learn that not only are Lord Brougham, and other veterans of the House of Lords, regularly *pigeon-holed*—waiting their inevitable turn in the "biographical departments" of the chief London morning journals, and have been so for years—but even the Premier himself, Lord Palmerston, Lord Stanley, the Queen, Prince Albert, and others, are *posted up* every year in these grim fly-sheets, with methodical precision, so that, should any casualty call them ever so suddenly to their last account, only a few hours may intervene before their histories are thrown into shape, and served up in the columns of the morning appers.

BOSTON.—"Can you suggest any plan by which a person can be broken of an abominable habit of eternally working and picking his nose with his finger? He has become utterly disgusting in society; for at the breakfast and dinner-table, public or private, he will thrust his fore-finger up his nostrils," etc. Little do people suspect what a world of mischief originates in such habits. Children are rendered undutiful, disrespectful, and, at last, positively rude, to parents whose manners are coarse and offensive; and the blame is laid entirely to the children, as if their nerves were given them for no other purpose than to endure torture with patience. Hence family quarrels and strife without end. We consider good manners and cleanly personal habits, in society and in the domestic circle, as a sacred, moral, and religious duty—a duty especially binding upon parents, who are sure to be cruelly punished for the neglect of it; for neither preaching nor lecturing can overcome the disgust engendered by such an abuse of the privilege of authority. But then people who are guilty of such a habit are either very easy, good-natured people, who are devoid of taste and critical nicety; or they are rude, tyrannical, overbearing, and totally indifferent to the feelings of others. The former are easily cured, because they may be spoken to; the latter are very likely to persist the more, the more they are found fault with; and yet, perhaps, they wonder and complain, when love, and friendship, and confidence are withheld from them. The habit that "Boston" complains of is not only morally punished by the loss of affection, but it is, at last, corporeally punished by an incurable disease of the abused and irritated organ—an organ that, from its facial importance, deserves, and, from its delicacy, demands, very tender and respectful treatment.

ADELLA wishes to know the origin of blind-man's-buff. She says that its French name, "Colin Maillard," puzzles her greatly, and she "would therefore be glad to have that explained also." It may not be generally known that this favorite sport of childhood is of French origin, and of very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages. In the year 999 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs Jean Colin. He owed the name of Maillard to his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used literally to crush his opponents. In one of those feuds of such perpetual recurrence in those times, he encountered the Count de Louvain in a pitched battle, and in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes; he ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him. When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms, he lavished favors and honors upon him, and so great was the fame of the exploit, that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age; by degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of the familiar sport. The blindfolded pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes, and extended hand, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, seems in some degree to repeat the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in our name of blind-man's-buff. It would seem, then, that the game is nothing less than a myth in action, having for its nucleus the historic fact of this feat of arms.

EMILINE.—In the pairing of your canaries you should always exercise much care and discretion. Some people turn a number of canaries indiscriminately into a room, and leave them to pair as they will. This is kind—very; but it is not wise. By properly pairing them, or at least *some* of them, in small, separate cages, and when paired, allowing them to come together, each swain then vows eternal fidelity, and is "true," with some few exceptions, to his lawful spouse. Thus alone can the peculiarity of feather and *caste* be properly preserved. Some few pairs of "odd fellows" may perhaps be allowed to intermarry. It will certainly give every possible variety of color and plumage to your stock, and is so far admissible. Among canaries, as among human beings, there are, as you seem to have discovered, some members of the masculine sex who behave abominably towards their partners. In such cases, the females must be relieved by "divorce." So, if ever you perceive any of the male canaries to be of a depraved disposition (as they too often are), abusing and persecuting their "better-halves," and showing other anti-conjugal tendencies—mark such transgressors. The cares and anxieties attendant upon the hatching and rearing of a family are alone sufficiently heavy, without the hen being, in addition, subject to cruel treatment. Check, therefore, all these innate bad propensities the moment you perceive them, and get rid of the offender summarily. Other suitors will take his place; and her ladyship will feel herself lawfully divorced, "under the circumstances."

KATE.—You can do nothing with the merchant who sold you the cloak. The mere fact of his advertising that he was "selling off below cost!" and "at a ruinous sacrifice!" does not help the matter. You say he charged, and that you paid him, forty-five dollars for a cloak which he said he used to sell for sixty-five dollars, and that you yourself thought at the time to be a very superb garment. If, on a closer and more thorough examination, you have found that "the cloak is not near as good as you thought it was," you cannot successfully prosecute the merchant for "swindling," or "cheating," or any such thing. He is not responsible for what you *thought* about the cloak. He seems to have acted in a straightforward manner. Is not the cloak worth forty-five dollars? If it is, you have got your money's worth, and what can you ask more?

NANCY.—We do not know what the demand for seamstresses is in Iowa or other western States. It is as great, no doubt, as here. We do not know what wages you could get. One thing is pretty certain, namely: industrious girls can get good husbands "out west" much more easily than in this overcrowded and selfish city.

JULIA.—You must be your own judge as to the integrity of merchants who are selling off their goods at "A Ruinous Sacrifice!" It not unfrequently happens that it is the buyer, and not the goods, that is "*sold* at a ruinous sacrifice."

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*